



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



Archaisches - Aug 1. 1881

From the Ewald Flügel Library

Julius Flügel

Sp. 2. 1. 1881

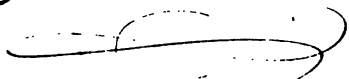


D. JUNIOR. UNIVERSITY

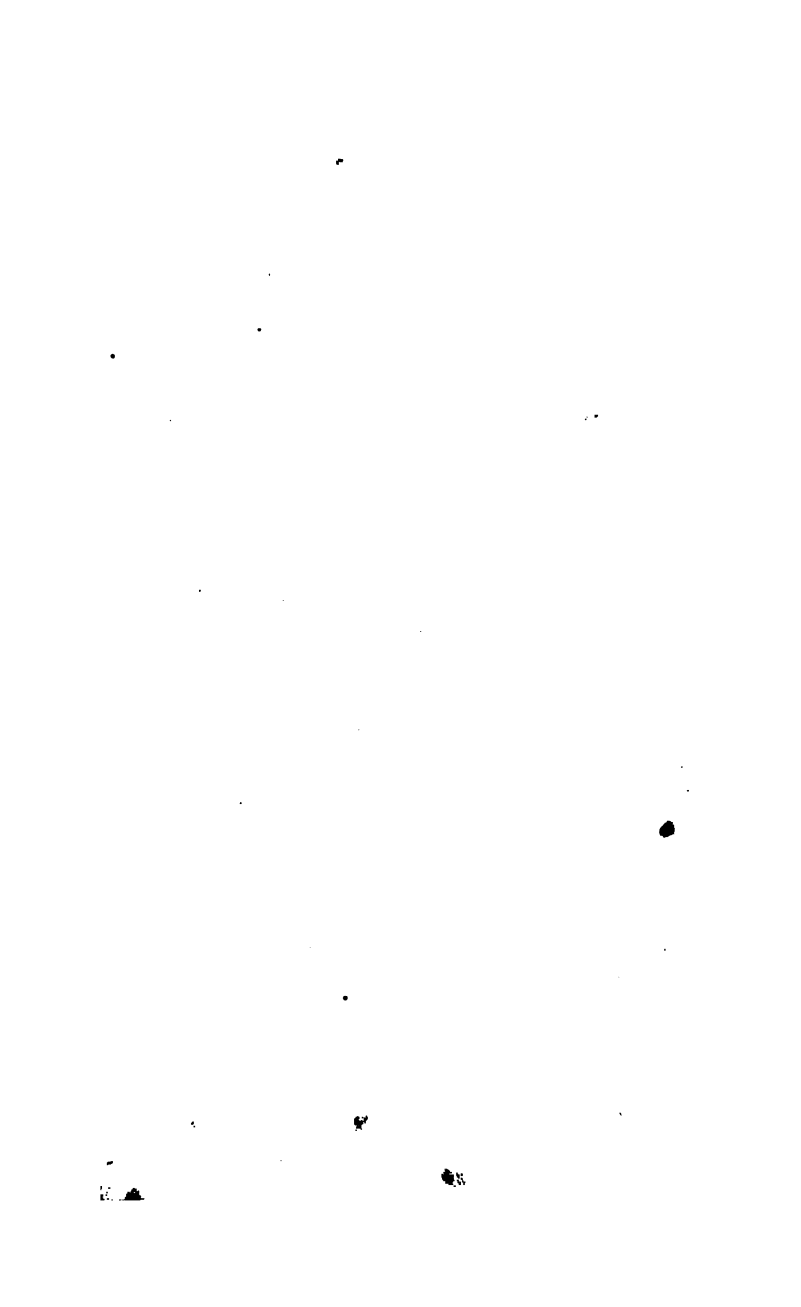


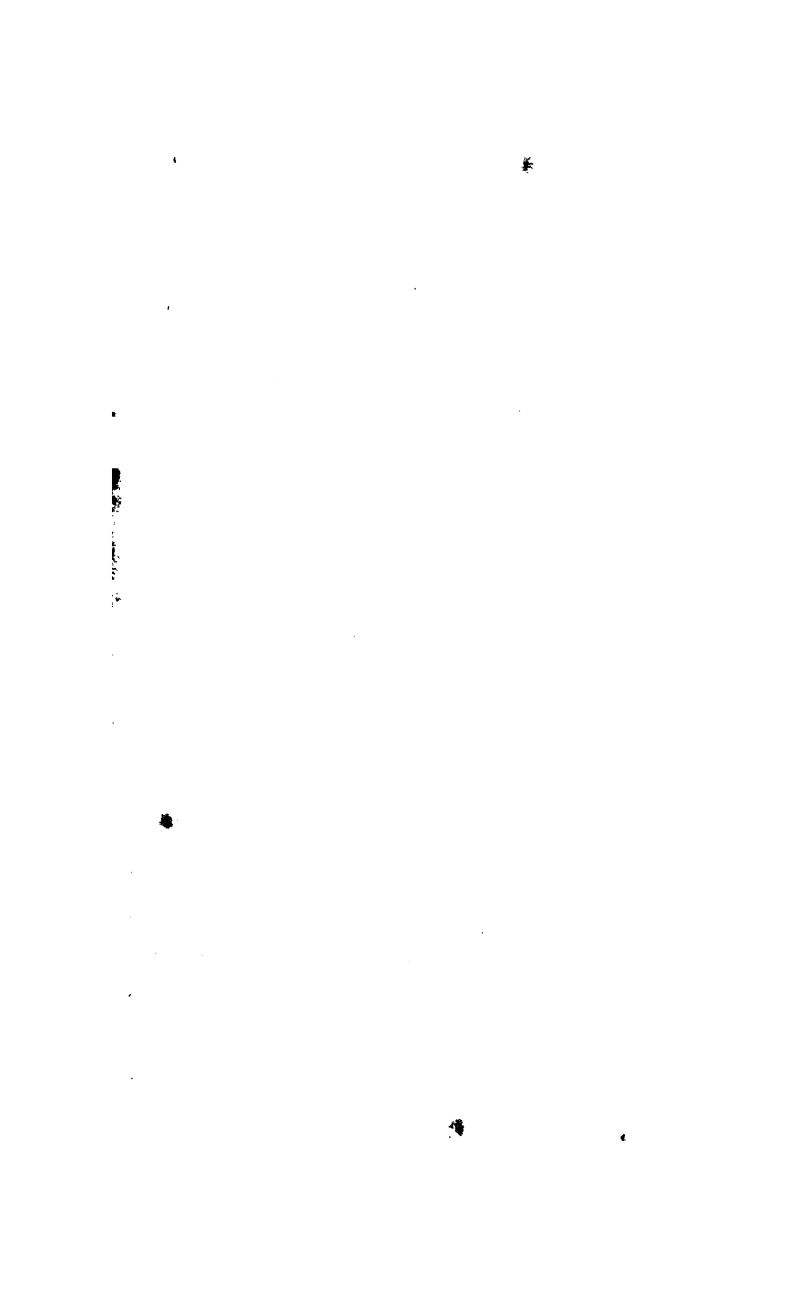


Elizabeth Herbert,
a small token of aff-
-ectionate regard, from
Wm. J. May & Herbert



... ..
... ..
... ..
... ..
... ..





1



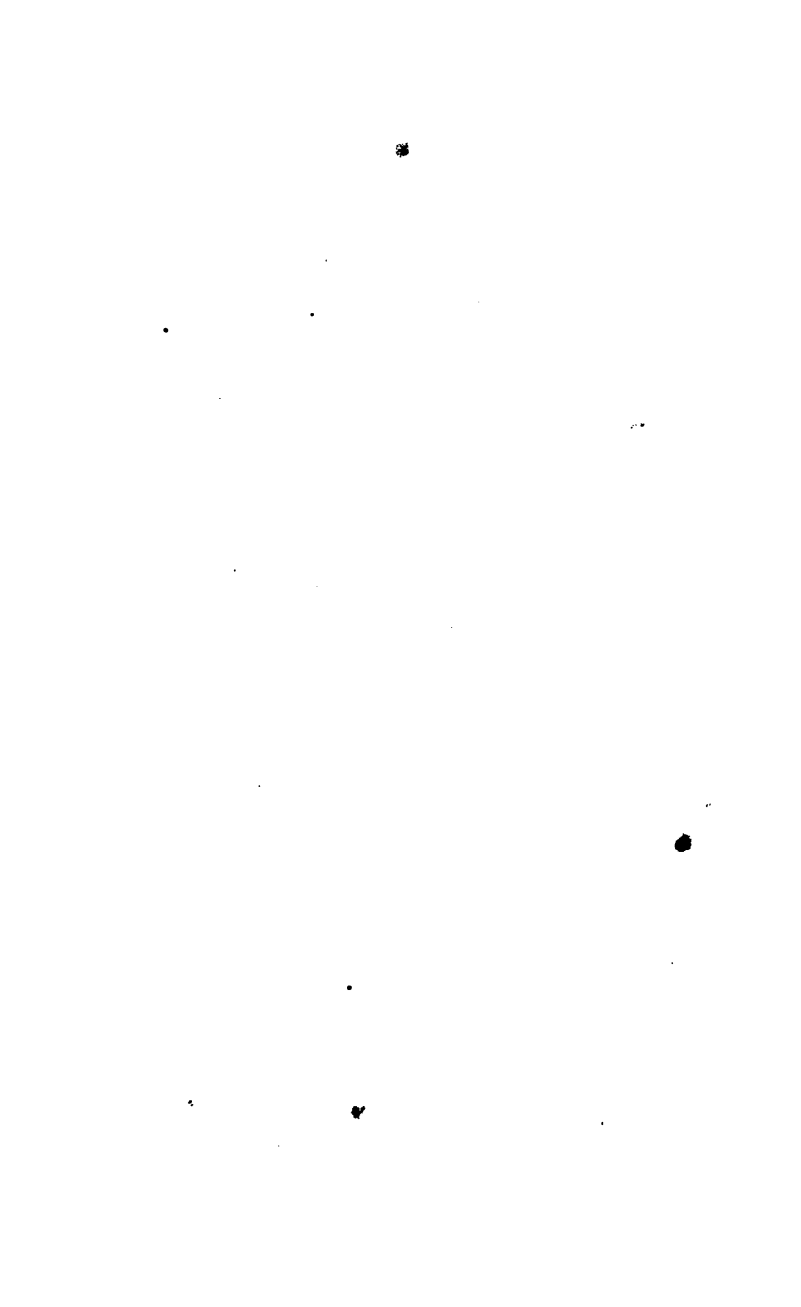


Q 452

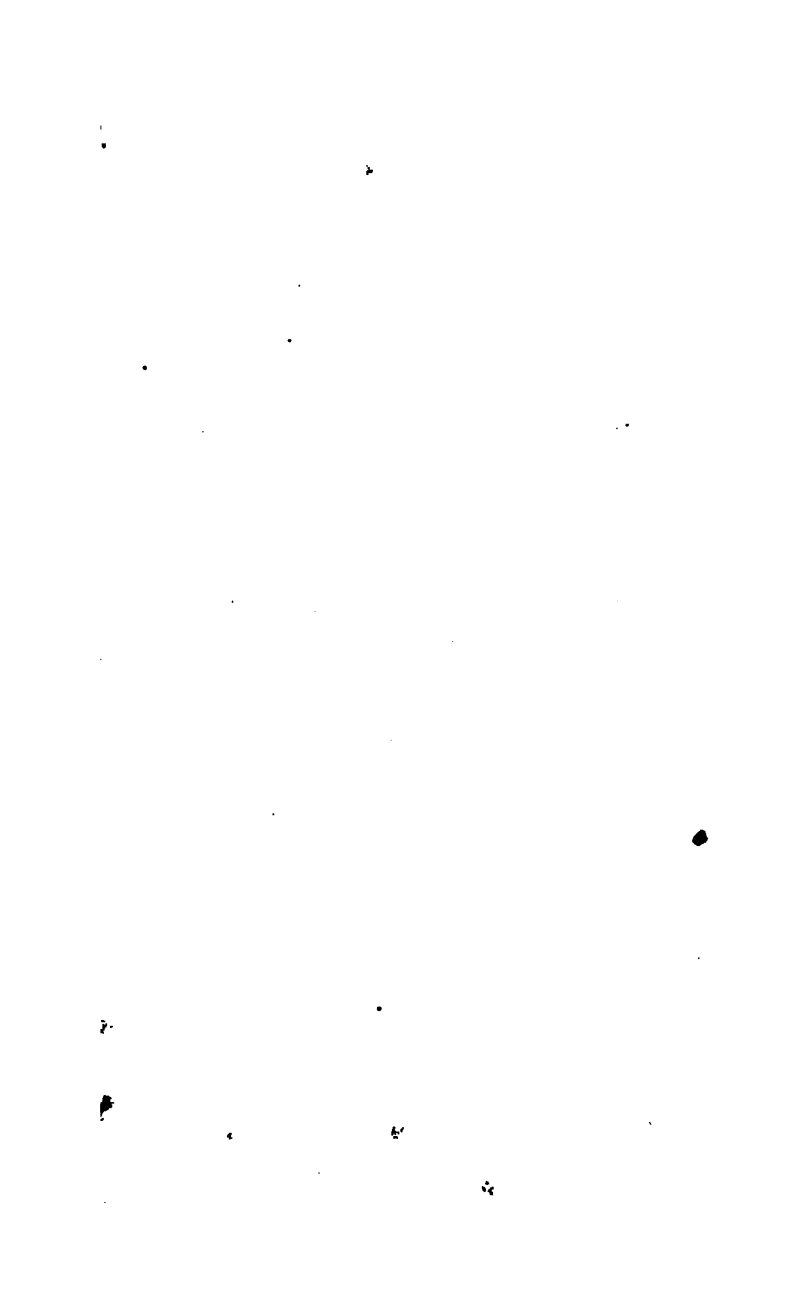
Elizabeth Herbert,
a small token of affe-
ctionate regard, from
Wm. J. M. & Herbert.





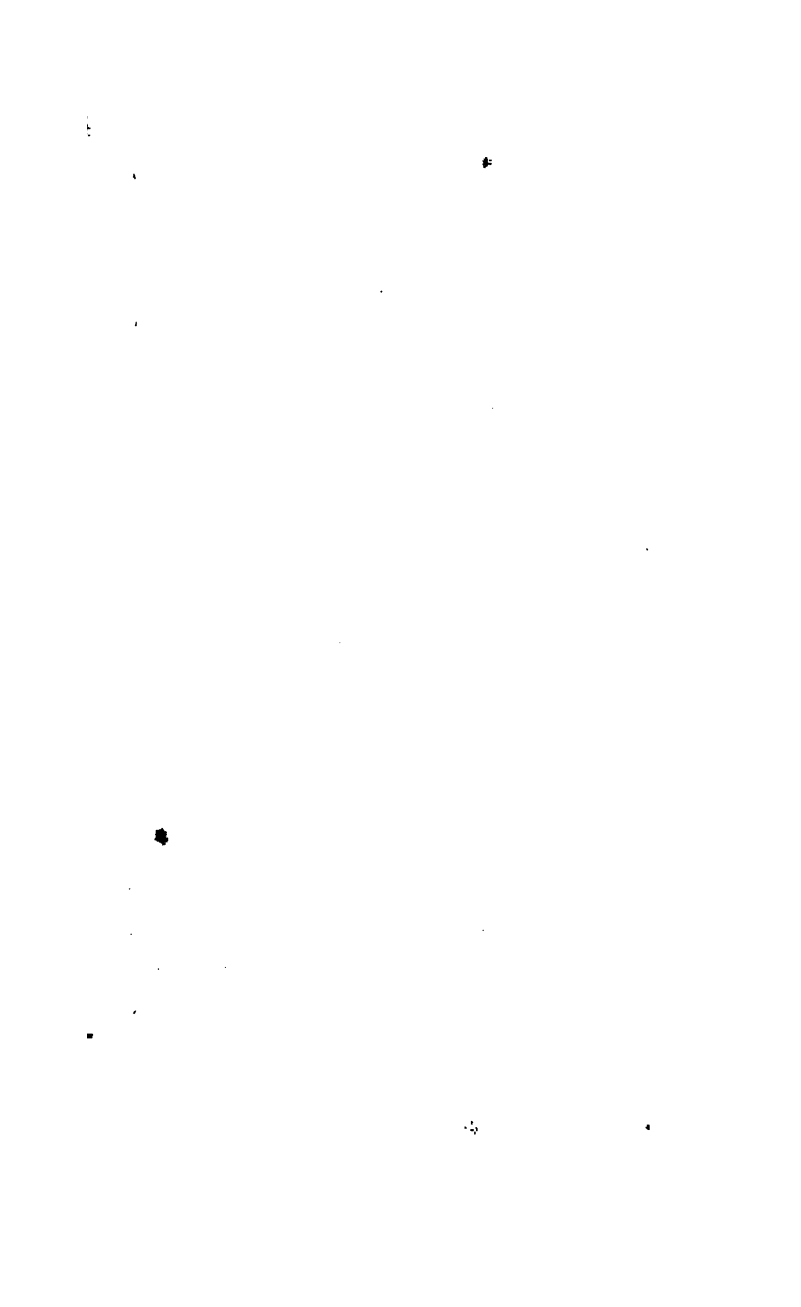


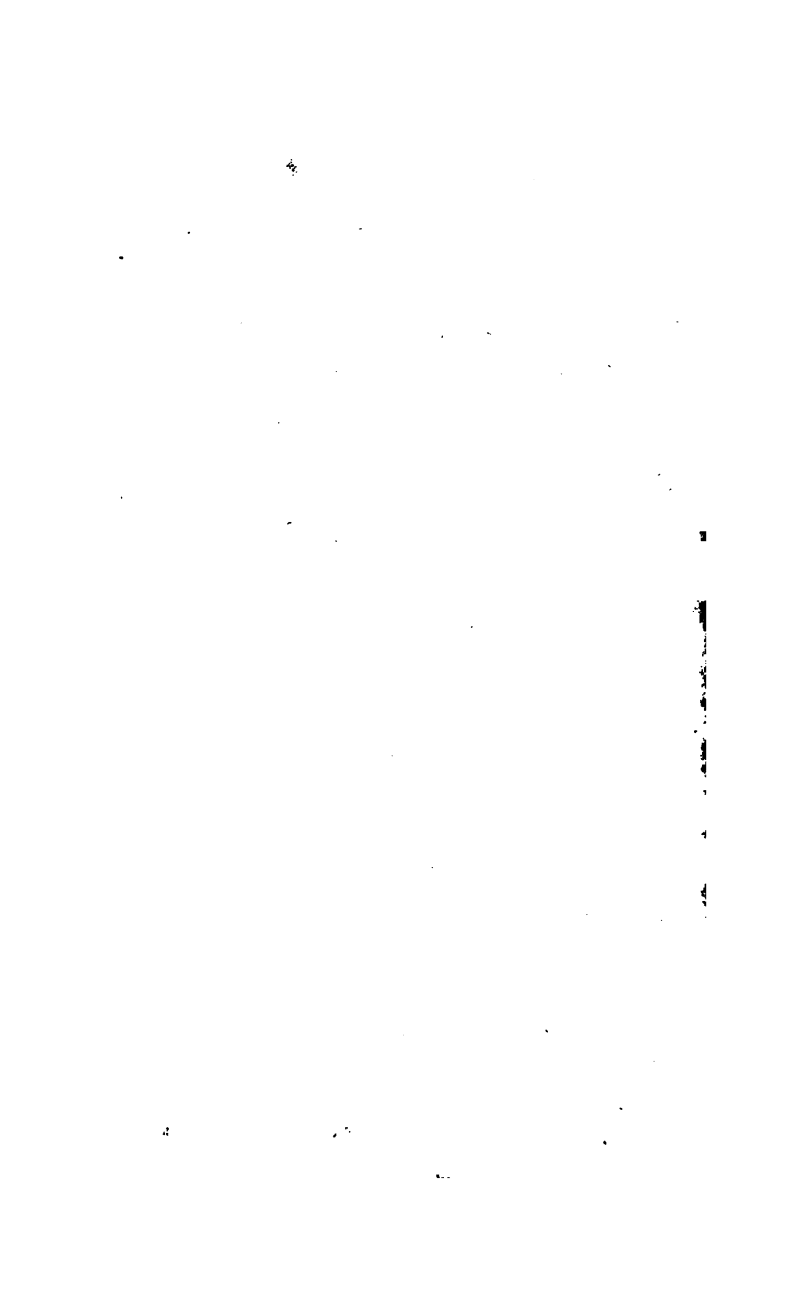




... ..
... ..
... ..
... ..

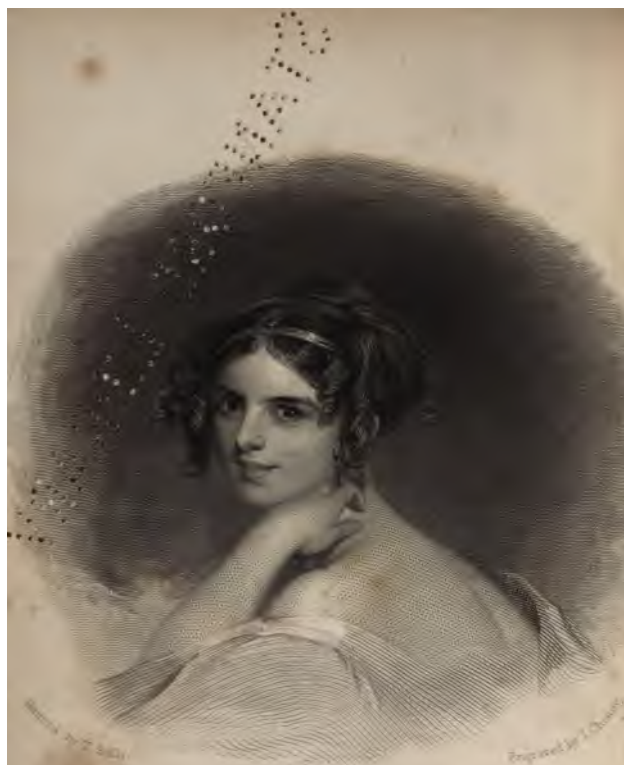












FANNY KEMBLE.

Published for the Proprietors of the Gleaner.

★

THE GIFT:

A CHRISTMAS AND NEW

YEAR'S PRESENT FOR

1836.

EDITED BY MISS LESLIE.

PHILADELPHIA:

E. L. CAREY & A. EART.

218034

C. Sherman & Co. Printers

C. Sherman & Co. Printers.

P R E F A C E.

IN offering a new annual to the patronage of the American public, we confidently indulge the hope that its success may be commensurate with its merits, and more than that we have certainly no right to expect. No expense, no pains have been spared in the endeavour to render it in every respect deserving the approbation of its purchasers. If we have failed, it is only from circumstances arising out of the difficulties that are unavoidably connected with all new works of this description.

In the list of contributors to "The Gift," are some of the most distinguished names among the literati of our country. To them, and to others who also have honoured our little book with their

valuable assistance, we proffer our sincere thanks, and hope for a continuance of their favour.

It was with deep regret that we found ourselves compelled to omit several excellent communications which would have added much to the intrinsic merit of the work. On account of the length of some, and the late arrival of others, no place could possibly be allotted to them in the limited space yet left, after the first two-thirds of the sheets were printed. We hope that the authors of these not rejected, but unavoidably postponed articles, will allow us to retain them for the purpose of *certain* insertion in the Gift for 1837, which we are anxious to render still more worthy of encouragement. If, on the contrary, the owners of these articles wish to devote them to another purpose, they shall be punctually, though reluctantly returned, on application to the editor.

The plates that embellish this little volume, are from pictures or prints of undisputed excellence, and are so executed as to give a faithful and vivid idea of the originals. The portrait introduced as a frontispiece is a splendid demonstration of the beautiful union of the graphic arts,

PREFACE.

vii

✓ as they flourish on our side of the Atlantic, and is equally honourable to the taste and genius of the painter, and to the correct eye and exquisite skill of the engraver.

Philadelphia, October, 1835.

CONTENTS.

✓ THE UNPRESUMING MR. HUDSON. BY MISS SEDGWICK.	17
THE ORPHANS. BY C. W. THOMSON.	39
CONFESSIONS.	40
WALKS IN CHILDHOOD. BY MRS. SIGOURNEY. . . .	50
FILIAL CLAIMS. BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.	57
THE BELL OF THE REVOLUTION. BY W. B. TAPPAN. .	59
ASPIRATIONS AFTER NATURE. BY CHARLES WEST THOMSON.	62
✓ MANUSCRIPT FOUND IN A BOTTLE. BY EDGAR A. POE.	67
✓ A PENNSYLVANIA TALE. BY J. K. PAULDING. . .	90
✓ THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS. BY W. L. STONE. .	120
AN UNWRITTEN DRAMA OF LORD BYRON. BY WASH- INGTON IRVING.	166
GOOD AND EVIL. BY S. G. GOODRICH.	172
THE WIFE'S SONG ON THE NEW-YEAR. BY EMMA C. EMSBURY.	175

THE MORNING HOUR. BY M. L.	179
ON A FEMALE HEAD, BY SULLY. BY C. W. THOMSON.	183
THE EUTAW MAID. BY W. G. SIMMS.	185
REMINISCENCES OF THE KATSKILL MOUNTAINS. BY C. W. THOMSON.	188
THE SHOOTING STAR.	190
THE DARK OF AUTUMN, AND THE BRIGHT OF WINTER IN NEW ENGLAND.	193
✓ THE LADY OF BLENNERHASSET. BY MORGAN NEVILLE.	201
✓ SCENE ON THE BAHAMA BANKS.	241
NEW YEAR'S COLLOQUY. BY W. B. TAPPAN.	254
PASSAIC FALLS.	256
~~—~~ SCENES IN MISSOURI. BY A. D. WOODBRIDGE.	260
~~—~~ THE SERENADES. BY MISS LESLIE.	271

P L A T E S.

FANNY KEMBLE. PAINTED BY T. SULLY. ENGRAVED BY J. CHENEY.	TO FACE TITLE.
THE ORPHANS. PAINTED BY T. WOOD. ENGRAVED BY T. B. WELCH.	39
THE SMUGGLERS' REPOSE. PAINTED BY TENNANT. ENGRAVED BY W. E. TUCKER.	66
SOLICITING A VOTE. PAINTED BY R. W. BUSS. EN- GRAVED BY G. B. ELLIS.	88
JOHN ANDERSON MY JO. PAINTED BY KID. ENGRAVED BY OSCAR A. LAWSON.	171
PRAWN FISHERS. DRAWN BY W. COLLINS. R. A. ENGRAVED BY A. W. GRAHAM.	182
MIRWOOD MERE. PAINTED BY BARRETT. ENGRAVED BY A. W. GRAHAM.	200
DEATH OF THE STAG. PAINTED BY E. LANDSEER. ENGRAVED BY W. E. TUCKER.	240
A PORTRAIT. PAINTED BY SIR T. LAWRENCE. ENGRAVED BY T. ILLMAN.	257

THE UNPRESUMING MR. HUDSON.

BY MISS SEDGWICK.

It chanced to me, during the last travelling season, to fall in with a party who, like myself, were destined for a fashionable watering-place. The most conspicuous members of this party were Mrs. Campbell, (a widow,) and her only and very pretty daughter, Louisa, whose name, according to modern usage, was gallicised into Louise. The mother was educated in the old school, or, to speak more accurately, in no school at all; but, if she were ignorant, she was unpretending; and it is, perhaps, as well to have the mind vacant, as to have it filled with foreign, ill-assorted, and undigested materials, that encumber it without increasing its riches or productiveness.

All Mrs. Campbell's pride, of every kind and degree, was concentrated in Louise. She had been,

till this summer of her seventeenth year, at a fashionable boarding-school in one of our large cities. She had had approved masters, and, as her doting mother said, and reiterated, neither time nor expense had been spared in her education; and accordingly, in her mother's acceptance of the word, she was educated. She played and sang so well, that Mrs. Campbell averred she had rather listen to her than to Pedrotti or Mrs. Wood. She drew very prettily—she had learned by heart two entire plays of Goldoni—she made wax flowers, which her mother assured us were quite as natural as real ones—and she spoke French—like other young ladies. If the circumstances, relations, and issues of this brief life require anything more, the balance, (as our mercantile friends have it,) had not been thought of by the mother, or prepared for by the daughter. To do Miss Louise justice, however, she had not been spoiled. She was gay and good-humoured; she had the most good-natured self-complacency—no uncomfortable awe of her superiors—(I rather think she did not believe in their existence,)—no jealousy of her equals, and to her inferiors she was kind-hearted.

It was in a stage-coach on a warm day in June that the day broke on our acquaintance. Mrs. Campbell was a lady of facilities, and we had not travelled a half-day together, before, by means of half a dozen ingenious, wayfaring questions, she had ascertained all she cared to know of us, and had liberally repaid us with what she thought we must care to know of her. Besides us there were two persons in the coach not so easily perused. The one a Colonel Smith, (Smith, happily called the anonymous name, and certainly that most tormenting and baffling to an inquirer,) and the other  Mr. Charles Hudson. Col. Smith's demeanour was very unlike his name, marked, high-bred, and a little aristocratic. "A gentleman, he certainly was," Mrs. Campbell said, as soon as we had an opportunity of holding a caucus on our fellow-travellers, but whether he were of the Smiths of New York, Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, Carolina, and so on, through the States, she could not ascertain. However, the cardinal point was settled. He was a gentleman, by all our suffrages; and this most important matter established,

we were at liberty to interchange with him the common civilities of life!

Mr. Hudson was a more puzzling case for our inquest. Mrs. Campbell remembered to have met a very respectable family of Hudsons at Saratoga, who were from Boston—at least she was *almost* sure they were, but our Mr. Charles Hudson, in reply to certain leading remarks of hers, had said he had never been in Boston. She remembered, too, when she was in Baltimore, some twenty years before, to have seen a family of Hudsons who were very intimate with the Carrolls—this was equivalent to a patent of gentility—but Mr. Hudson affirmed he did not know the Baltimore Hudsons.

One of us remembered a certain Mr. Hudson who once had unquestioned circulation in the *beau monde* of New York, but whence he came, was either not known or forgotten. Miss Louise had heard a young friend say she had danced with a Mr. Hudson in Washington—this could hardly be admitted as a credential, and we were at last compelled to wait till we could adjust the gentleman's claims by his merits! The disquieting anxieties of

some good people in our country, on the head of family or rank, is very like a satire on the fancied equality resulting from republican institutions.

Mrs. Campbell was not inclined to be over-fastidious, but she gave it in charge to her daughter to be "rather reserved," while we remained on the level arena of a stage-coach. Miss Louise paid as much deference to her mother as could be expected, reserve not being the quality *par excellence* of American young ladies. In the course of the morning, an accident to the coach compelled the passengers to walk for some distance down a steep and winding descent. The morning was beautiful. The air deliciously tempered. The majestic oaks and maples of Virginia, like its inhabitants (to borrow a rustic phrase from one of their mountaineers), "stout of their country," threw their broad dense shadows over our path—the rhododendron, then in its glory, was in profusion around us, and wild roses, with other unknown and unnumbered flowers on every side.

Our party was not of the most romantic materials, but as we descended the gorge, and looked below us on a sea of the topmost branches of lofty trees,

and long before us to a narrow and winding ravine, sunk between the mountains, and 'affording just space enough for a road beside a brawling stream, we were, though, as I have confessed, not of the most susceptible materials, all excited by this fresh and beautiful aspect of nature. The pretty Louise, with the elastic step and joyous spirit of youth, leaped down the rocks and over the runs, singing, laughing, and exclaiming at every step. Her mother toiled after her, calling out, "Louise, my dear, you'll fall. Put on your bonnet, my child, you'll be one freckle—Louise! Louise! your gloves off! how absurd!"

But Louise heard not, or heeded not. She ran on like another Atalanta, defying the gentlemen to overtake her, and, like her prototype, giving them a fair chance, by often stepping aside to crop a flower too inviting to be resisted. They all followed her lead—all but Mr. Hudson, who coolly walked beside the elder ladies—pointed out the best stepping-places—gave them his arm when necessary—and gave them the flowers he gathered, reserving only a few of the choicest. Mrs. Campbell touched my arm, and whispered, "We need no ghost to tell

us for whom those are destined." The lumbering coach came on, and one after another the pedestrians were picked up. Louise's colour was heightened by exercise, and her eyes were sparkling with excited spirits. She was something like a flower in the desert—the only one among us, young or pretty, and she was flattered and petted on all sides. She sat between her mother and myself, on the back seat, and was continually putting her pretty face forward on one side and on the other, to answer the compliments and sallies directed to her from the gentlemen who occupied the middle and front seats. As, with the exception of Mr. Hudson, they were all of the trustworthy, elderly, papa and uncle order, this did not imply any undue forwardness in our young friend. At any rate, Mr. Hudson, the only member of the party not *hors du combat*, did not profit by the vantage-ground she offered, to advance his acquaintance with her. He, now and then, glanced his eye at her, and a strikingly open, gentlemanly eye had Mr. Hudson, (so said the mother,) and sometimes smiled at the *jeux d'esprit* that might have derived a portion of their brilliancy from the bright lips through which they passed, as water

takes a hue from the precious ore through which it sometimes issues. "Mr. Hudson appears quite to appreciate Louise," whispered Mrs. Campbell, "and yet did you ever see any one so unassuming? He has not even ventured to offer her the bouquet he gathered for her!"

"For me, mamma, are you sure he gathered it for me?"

"Certainly, my love, for whom else could it be?"

Louise was determined the flowers should not fail of their destination, through the youth's over-modesty.

"How sweetly pretty your flowers are, Mr. Hudson!" she began.

"They are both sweet and pretty, Miss Campbell."

"Fragrant, you mean?" Mr. Hudson bowed assentingly; "that is delightful, where could you have found them? I never can find a sweet wild-flower. I am passionately fond of fragrant flowers; indeed, I think flowers without fragrance are quite an imposition. Look at these," she held up the bunch with which she had seemed, a few moments before, quite satisfied; "a French flower-girl could

make quite as good!" she threw them with a pretty toss of her head, out of the window; and still on this hint, Mr. Hudson spake not—to the point.

He very coolly smelt his flowers, and said, he wished a certain Englishman were in the coach, whom he had heard assert that American flowers had no fragrance—that the climate, like the satyr, blew hot and cold on them; melted and froze the odour out of them. He thought he would be satisfied that his opinion, like some other foreign opinions, was rather the result of his own ignorance, than of a just appreciation of the products of the country.

Mrs. Campbell heard his long speech out—begged leave to smell his flowers—then passed them to her daughter, and she, after some eloquent "Ohs!" and "Ahs!" returned them to Mr. Hudson, who received them with a very polite inclination of his head, but without anything like the anticipated, "pray keep them!" I looked at the mother, expecting to see her a little crest-fallen, but no! her face was the very picture of confidingness and good-humour, with a slight touch of pity for the self-denying modesty of her new acquaintance. "I do not

doubt," she said to me at the first opportunity, "that Mr. Hudson has been to France, where, they tell me, it is reckoned very improper to offer attentions of any sort to a young unmarried lady. He is uncommonly unpresuming! but do you not think he is a little too particular?"

"He may be so—but particularity is a good fault in a stage-coach, Mrs. Campbell."

"Certainly, that is a very just remark, and it will be quite time enough to encourage him when we arrive at the Springs."

At "the Springs" we arrived in the course of the following day, and were received and had our places assigned us as one party, of which the "unpresuming" Mr. Hudson made, so to speak, an integral part. No mode of ripening an acquaintance is so rapid as that of travelling two or three days, more or less, in a stage-coach. In a steamboat, if you are reserved, sullen—Anglois—(we quote a French synonyme)—you may go apart, upon the upper, or the lower deck—fore or aft—you may drop your veil and look down into the water, or turn your back upon the company, and gaze upon the shore—or you may creep into a berth, and draw a curtain

between yourself and the world; but what art—what device—what panoply, can resist the social system of a stage-coach! Scott somewhere says, I believe in his chapter upon equality, that it exists only among the Hottentots; he overlooked the temporary but perfect democracy of a stage-coach, where each is reduced to a unit, and feels, whatever his rank, fortune, or distinctions may be, as he is packed, crowded, and pinioned in, *that* his next neighbours virtually address to him *what* a surly fellow in a “Jackson Meeting” yesterday, said to a poor man who remonstrated against being jostled and squeezed, “What are you, sir? you are nothing, sir, but an *individual*!”

But with the good-humoured and kind-hearted, instead of hostility, there is a *neighbourly* fellow-feeling, nurtured by the intimate relations of a stage-coach. Our fellow-passengers seem to us like coteremporaries,—we have set out with the same purposes and hopes—met with the same disappointments and mischances—“we have had our losses together;” in short, in a stage-coach, as in every mode and condition of human life, sympathy—the electric chain of social being—may be developed,

and, instead of gall and vinegar, we may enjoy the sweetest of all draughts—the milk of human kindness.

Franklin wrote an essay upon the morals of chess. A chapter on the morals of travelling might not be unprofitable in a country like ours, where half the population is afloat three months of every year.

But my short story must be finished without (I fear!) a ~~moral~~ of any kind.

The Springs, or rather the Spring, which we had selected for our *poste restante* for some days, was the celebrated Sweet Spring in Union County in Virginia. We chanced to have arrived there before the fashionable season. Our pretty Louise was very near the sad predicament of a belle without a beau. She had, however, plenty of admirers and attendants. Bachelors of some forty or fifty years' standing; widowers from the south, who had come up to the springs to get rid of their bile and their sad memories, and young married men there were who were permitted by their good-natured wives to ride and dance with Louise.

Louise was of the happy disposition that takes "the goods the gods provide," and enjoys them; that

never, to use a vulgar simile, throws down the actual bread and butter for the possible cake. The Virginia Springs have few artificial contrivances for pleasure, and it was delightful to see in the pretty Louise the inexhaustible resources of a youthful and cheerful spirit. She would talk by the half-hour with the old Frenchman who obtains a little *pécule* by keeping the bath and furnishing fire and towels for the ladies, "for what it pleases ~~them~~ to give him." She would listen to his stories of the French revolution, and his assurances in Anglo-French, (forty years of his threescore and ten had been passed in America,) that she spoke French like a *Parisiennne*. She was, like a butterfly, perpetually on the wing over that beautiful lawn, (how profanely marred by the ugly little cabins that dot it!) which swells up from the deep dell in which the Spring is embosomed, and where, like some sylvan divinity it is sheltered and hidden by a guard of magnificent oaks and elms.

Mrs. Campbell, though the essence of good-nature, was not just then in so satisfied a frame of mind. It was her daughter's debut as a young lady, and she had seen visions, and dreamed dreams of lovers

and their accompaniments, offers, refusals, and an acceptance! No wonder that the scarcity of the raw material, the warp and woof of which the good mother expected to have woven the matrimonial fabric, should have proved trying to her. Its natural effect was to enhance Mr. Hudson's value; and while Mrs. Campbell unceasingly commended his *unpresumingness*, she gave him the kindest encouragement to dispense with it, and sometimes appeared a little nettled at his obstinate modesty. Walks were often proposed, but Mr. Hudson, instead of taking a tempting and accessible position beside the young lady, would attend her mamma, or modestly leave them both to the elderly gentlemen, and stray along alone. Once, I remember, a stroll was proposed to a romantic waterfall. The gentlemen whose services we had a right to command were playing billiards. "I am sure," said Mrs. Campbell, "we may venture to ask Mr. Hudson—he is so unpresuming!"

Accordingly he was asked, and politely joined us—Mrs. Campbell (albeit still ignorant of Mr. Hudson's parentage, fortune, &c.) was all affability—Miss Louise was all gaiety and frankness—so pretty,

so attractive, so aided by the sylvan influences that in "love-breathing June" dispose the young and susceptible to *the sentiment* par excellence, that I confess I marvelled that our young friend remained the *unpresuming* Mr. Hudson.

One evening, at Mrs. Campbell's suggestion, a dance was got up. It was a difficult enterprise, but by the aid of one or two married pairs, and a philanthropic elderly single lady, we mustered a sufficient number for a cotillion. "You and Louise will have hard duty this evening. It is to be hoped she may prove an agreeable partner," said Mrs. Campbell to Mr. Hudson, as he led off her daughter; "of course," she added, in a whisper, to her next neighbour, "they must dance together, but I should not have hinted it to him if he were not so very unpresuming!"

But Mr. Hudson did not find the necessity strong enough to overcome that quality of his disposition, which now began to appear to us all, as potent as a ruling passion. He evidently enjoyed the dance with his graceful partner, then modestly resigned her hand, and filled up the measure of his virtue by

dancing with the unattractive married ladies, and finally crowned it by leading off a Virginia reel with the above-mentioned single lady.

When I parted with Louise for the night, "what a gentlemanly, agreeable man is Mr. Hudson!" said she, "and as mamma says, so very unassuming!"

The next day was fixed for Mrs. Campbell's departure. She was going to the Natural Bridge. I went to her room to pass the last half-hour with her, and while she was expressing her sincere regret at leaving us all, including Mr. Hudson, on whom she bestowed her usual encomium, we saw a servant bring his baggage from his cabin, and place it with that destined for the Natural Bridge. "Well! well!" exclaimed Mrs. Campbell, who could not, and indeed did not attempt to conceal her satisfaction, "still waters run deep! I suspected all the while—"

"Pshaw! Mamma—do hush!" said Miss Louise, whose smiles, in spite of her, betrayed that her mind had, simultaneously with her mother's, seized on the solution of Mr. Hudson's mysterious unassumingness.

"La! Louise, my darling, we need not mind

Miss ——; I am sure she is so discerning, she must have seen, as I did long ago, that Mr. Hudson was like young Edwin in ‘Edwin and Angelina.’”

“Then he has not yet talked of love,” I asked, rather mischievously.

“Bless me! no! This, however, is a pretty bold step, going to the Natural Bridge with us—but *n’importe*, as Louise says, he will do nothing hasty—I am sure of it—he is so unpresuming!”

Whilst we were talking, the Fincastle coach arrived, and it was announced to Mrs. Campbell that there must be a delay of an hour or two before it would proceed, as it required some repair, and (as every body knows who has travelled in Virginia) there was no other carriage to take its place *en route*. The servant who communicated this to Mrs. Campbell, told us that a very nice-looking gentleman, and his lady, and daughter, had arrived in the coach, who were to remain at the Sweet Springs. “Who were they? and what were their names?” She did not know, “but she reckoned they were somebody, for they had a heap of baggage.” It was immediately proposed that we should abandon the cabin, and reconnoitre the drawing-room and

piazza, in quest of the new-comers. In those strongholds of ennui—watering-places—the perusal of new faces is as exciting as the covers of a fresh novel to the fair patronesses of a circulating library. We were disappointed in our purpose. We met no one but Mr. Hudson. He seemed, since we parted, a changed man; and instead of the listlessness, abstraction, and indifference—to all which it pleased Mrs. Campbell to apply the term unpresumingness—he was all expression and animation. Once only the flow of his spirits was checked for an instant, when Mrs. Campbell said with a complacent smile, “I was very glad to see your baggage brought out for the Fincastle coach.” He stammered and blushed, and she changed the conversation. Louise was touched by the consciousness of having produced a sensation, and was quiet and retiring, and Mr. Hudson so much more attentive and interested than I had ever seen him before, that I began to think the mother was not at fault, and that our Mr. Hudson was as like the unpresuming hermit lover, as a whiskered, well-dressed, Springs’ lounge could be. I was confirmed in this belief, and convinced that he would soon “talk of

love," when, on going with Louise to her cabin in search of something she had left behind, we saw, on her table, a book neatly enveloped in white paper, on which was written in pencil, "*To L. C. from C. H.*," and under it the trite quotation from the text-book of lovers, "The world is divided into two parts—that where she is, and that where she is not." "How very odd!" exclaimed Louise, blushing, and smiling, and untying, with a fluttering hand, the blue ribbon wound around the envelope. She opened the book. It was a blank album, with flowers pressed between its leaves, the very flowers that the "unpresuming Mr. Hudson" had not the courage to offer to Louise on the first day of their acquaintance. Here they were embalmed by love and poetry; for on each page was pencilled a quoted stanza from some popular amorous poet. We had hardly time to glance our eyes over them, when the horn of the Fincastle coach sounded its note of preparation. "What am I to do?" said Louise; "why did not that stupid chambermaid give me the book before; he thought I had seen it, and that explains his being in such spirits, and mamma telling him, too, she was glad he was going on with us! he

must think it as good as settled! What am I to do? I can't leave it—can I?"

"Not if you choose to take it," I replied, implying the advice she wished.

"Then do, dear Miss, just wrap it up in that shawl of yours, and while I am getting into the coach, you can just tuck it into my carpet-bag. I can show it to mamma, and if I return it, there is no harm done, for he is so unpresuming! but is it not droll, his flaming forth so all of a sudden?"

Very "droll!" and inexplicable, certainly, did appear to me this new phase of the Proteus passion, and marvelling, I followed my young friend, scrupulously concealing the album in the folds of my shawl. As we left the door of the cabin Louise had occupied, we saw, in the walk just before us, the two ladies of whose arrival we had been apprized.

"Oh!" exclaimed Louise, "how much that young lady's walk is like Laura Clay's!"

At the sound of her name the stranger turned, and proved to be an old schoolmate of Louise's. I took advantage of the moment when the young ladies were exchanging their affectionate greetings,

to perform my delicate commission, and having ordered in the carpet-bag, I had drawn it into one corner of the room, and was just unlacing it, when the two girls came in.

"How very provoking," said Louise, "that we are going just as you have arrived."

"And only think," returned her friend, "of the chambermaid telling me I was to have the room of a young lady going in the Fincastle coach, and my never dreaming of that young lady being you, and we could have had such nice times in that room together, I have so much to tell you!"

"And I have the drollest thing to tell you!" said Louise; "but, by the way, I heard you were engaged,"—the young lady smiled—"is it true?"—she nodded assent—"Oh, tell me to whom? I am dying to know—the deuce take that horn!—just tell his name."

"Charles Hudson."

"Charles Hudson!!"

"Yes, my dear—Charles Hudson—is it not too curious you should have been a week here with him, and not found it out?"

Louise was too much astonished to reply. She

cast an imploring glance towards me, and I, while I relaced the bag, returned a look that assured her the album should be secretly restored to its right place. Mr. Hudson's unnatural coldness to the charms of my pretty little friend, the mystery of the book—Miss Clay's initials being the same as Miss Campbell's—all was explained. Louise concealed her blushes in a hasty parting embrace, and as she stepped into the carriage, I heard her mother saying to Mr. Hudson,

“Not going with us! why did you change your mind?”

“Some friends have arrived here, Madam, whom I expected to have met at the Natural Bridge.”

Mrs. Campbell bowed for the last time to the unassuming Mr. Hudson. The coach drove off, and left me meditating upon the trials of a pretty young girl who is chaperoned to watering-places by a silly, expecting, and credulous mother,



Painted by J. W. M. S.

Engraved by Thos. B. Welch.

THE ORIPHEANS

PUBLISHED BY THE PROPRIETORS OF THE LITERARY

•

Come take us to thy heavenly home.



Painted by J. Wood.

Engraved by Thos. B. Wa

THE ORPHEANS

Published by the Proprietors of the [illegible]

THE ORPHANS.

BY C. W. THOMSON.

COME to my bosom, sister dear !

Though all the world be dark around,
Still find thy own sad refuge here,
As thou in other days hast found.

Alas ! what shelter can I give—

For I with thee one fate deplore—
Since all we loved have ceased to live,
And all we owned is ours no more ?

Yon happy cot, our early pride !

How sweetly there the sunbeams shone !
Ah me ! 'twas there our mother died,
And left us to the world alone !

Dear mother ! from thy rest above,

Behold thy wretched orphans roam,
And in the fondness of thy love,
Come take us to thy heavenly home.

CONFESSIONS.

Mais quand tout est compté, on ne parle jamais de soy, sans perte; les propres condamnations sont toujours accrues, les louanges mecrues.

MONTAIGNE.

LET not my readers be deceived, by the above title, into an expectation of revealments of conflicting passions;—early hopes blighted, love crossed, and ambition's honours lost, through the world's fickleness and man's treachery. These are subjects which are thought to be the most fitting constituents for the frame-work of romantic narrative: they are, alas! too often the impulses to action in real and common life. But, to add my history of self to the confessions of many, who had, in their time,

figured as philosophers, poets, or pirates, would neither contribute to a clearer understanding of human nature, and thus benefit others, nor excite regard and pity for the narrator, and thereby benefit myself. To the sympathies of one's fellow-men, one should be slow to appeal. Essentially selfish and preoccupied as they are with their own plans, they cannot be expected to have an ear open to a tale of distress, however well and feelingly told. Friendship, with all its sentiment and poetry, has its conventional limits in this respect, which it is neither safe nor becoming to transcend. The confidence given by the one party is deemed by the other to be repaid—by listening; and he who should venture on a repetition of the story of his wrongs, with the view of eliciting stronger testimonials of sympathy, will discover, in their stead, an expression of ill-concealed weariness, if not of fretful impatience. Iteration is illy borne, unless it be of praise and flattery; of that which shall deck out vanity, or increase the inflation of pride.

That many-headed monster, the public, whose insatiate maw receives with such avidity what-

ever is in a state bordering on moral corruption, has little pity for suffering, and indulgence for frailty. Hard and relentless confessor, it will shrive but not absolve. Gloating over the narrative of misery, crime, and self-condemnation, it turns away from that of kind purpose and friendly deed. Frankness of avowal—a statement of the true motives and springs of action is, however, so little in accordance with its expectations and its creed, that the man who, like Cardan, the Italian astrologer, mathematician and physician, should expose his whole secret history, is regarded as insane. Even the example set by St. Augustine, of a full and public disclosure of the faults and vices of his unconverted state, was, in after times, spoken of as we would of a skilful painter, who introduces dark shadows in perspective, in order to make the foreground of his picture appear of brighter colours and more harmonious hues. A detailed autobiography could not fail, in the present age, to be considered very much in the same light with self-immolation to the idol Juggernaut.

There is no backwardness in the world's believing a man to be capable of all the evil thoughts

and vile deeds of which he may accuse himself. It is the motives for giving them publicity which is a subject for doubt; and so little can those of a praiseworthy kind be understood, that the only, and, be it added, the ready means of escape from condemnation, perhaps execration, at the bar to which he thus voluntarily presents himself, is the plea, furnished by the court itself, of folly or insanity. The egotism unavoidable in confessions is also an offence which the world will not brook with patience. Much more must it be annoyed, should the divulger of his own inmost thoughts, the narrator of his own foibles begin, like Rousseau in his *Confessions*, by challenging his fellow-men to proclaim themselves, if they dare, before the throne of truth, a whit better than he has been.

Hate, revenge, sensuality in desires, if not in deeds, deceit, either by simulation or concealment, ingratitude, grasping avarice and ambition, belong to the dark catalogue of human infirmities and vices, some at least of which would find a conspicuous place in every honest confession. But it may well be doubted whether the public at

large is benefited by a revealment of these things, any more than it would by an anatomical display of the bodies of those who have paid the debt of nature. Some good may follow the exhibition in both cases; but it ought, in both, to be to a limited number, a particular class, who by careful and conscientious study are competent to select from what is gross, offensive, and deformed, lessons for the guidance of the many, who, from want of time, opportunity, and reflection, are themselves unfitted to profit by the original materials.

Details of their life are due, Lord Herbert of Cherbury thinks, from parents to their children. He begins his autobiography by saying; "and certainly it will be found much better for men to guide themselves by such observations as their father, grandfather, and great-grandfather might have delivered to them, than by those vulgar rules and examples which cannot in all points so exactly agree." This assumes the fact, that the course pursued by the parent in the acquisition of fortune or of office and worldly honours, can be advantageously opened to the eyes of his children. The very reverse is too often the truth. An

early revelation of the vices, as well as of the hereditary infirmities, of parents, could it be made without estranging the affection, and destroying all respect of their children, might be of service. But in no rational view of the case does entire publicity seem to be demanded.

Even when the details of a man's private life are not revolting to one's moral sensibilities, they may happen to be wearisomely trivial and impertinent. Of this inconvenience an example presents itself, at the moment, in the autobiography of that knave Lilly, who tells us of his casting horoscopes, and foretelling events, framing sigils, lamens, and the use of mosaical rods, with a gravity and self-sufficiency which are only equalled, in the present day, by a Mormonite descanting on the recovery of the lost books, or by a Thomsónian steam-herbalist on his cures, his modesty, and his disinterestedness. The feelings and calculation of Lilly, after a particular event, are illustrative of those of the reader for him and his *Life and Times*. The pretended astrologer says, "The 16th February, 1653-4, my second wife died; for whose death I shed no tears. I had five hundred

pounds with her as a portion, but she and her poor relations spent me one thousand pounds." In about the same proportion, or of five to ten, will be the profit and loss of that part of the public who read confessions.

Allusion has been already made to the motives which incite a man to publish confessions of his private life. It may be, indeed, that he is prompted to reveal his misfortunes on the strength of the doctrine conveyed in the old saying: *Adversity finds ease in complaining, and 'tis a solace to relate it.* Or a person may be situated as Cicero was, when he wrote to his friend Atticus; viz., in a great city, with a multitude of acquaintances, but not a soul to whom he dare familiarly sigh, or freely jest; and he may determine, in default of one intimate, to put the whole world in his confidence. After making, however, all due allowances, we shall still find too many to have been prompted, as Voltaire was, more by a desire to expose others, than to unravel themselves. The "Memoirs of Voltaire" are, in truth, little more than a pasquinade on his treatment by the King of Prussia, Frederick the Great. Of the spirit in

which this work was penned, the following will serve for a specimen. He had been speaking of the old king Frederick William.

“The throne at last was mounted, while I was at Brussels, and he began his reign by sending an ambassador extraordinary to France; one Camas, who had lost an arm, formerly a French refugee, and then an officer in the Prussian army. He said that, as there was a minister from the French court at Berlin, who had but one hand, that he might acquit himself of all obligation towards the most christian king, he had sent him an ambassador with only one arm.

“Camas, as soon as he had arrived safely at his inn, despatched a lad to me, whom he had created his page, to tell me that he was too much fatigued to come to my house, and therefore begged I would come to him instantly, he having the finest, greatest, and most magnificent present, that ever was presented, to make me on the part of the king his master. Run—run as fast as you can, said Madame de Châtelet, he has assuredly sent you the diamonds of the crown.

“Away I ran, and found my ambassador, whose

only baggage was a small keg of wine, tied behind his chaise, sent from the cellar of the late king by the reigning monarch, with a royal command for me to drink. I emptied myself in protestations of astonishment and gratitude for these liquid marks of his majesty's bounty, instead of the solid ones I had been taught to expect, and divided my keg with Camas."*

Voltaire did not, it seems, choose to avow that he was made the subject of a joke by the king and his ambassador.

It has been further objected, properly enough, to full confessions, that the narrator implicates others as well as himself. He may say, as Rousseau did, in reply to a lady who questioned him about his *Confessions*, which were not published until after his death, that he speaks all the ill he knows of himself, and all the good he knows of others. It will be found, notwithstanding, as in the case of

* I have quoted from the translation published in England.

the eccentric Genevese, that all the evil spoken is not of himself alone; others come in for a full share.

The writer of his own confessions, however sincerely desirous he may be of adhering strictly to facts, is often at fault in his reminiscences. Who of all her other acquaintances and friends could recognize the short, fat, bustling, vulgar, and sensual de Warens, in the picture which Rousseau draws of her in his *Confessions*, as of an angel, all goodness, charity, grace, and mildness, with great sensibility and delicacy; a woman, whose heart he describes to have been pure, and conduct corrupt; whose inclinations were upright and virtuous, but whose reason led her astray!

One might believe that there could be no fault of memory on the part of a lover in portraying the features of his fair one. And yet Alfieri, in his autobiography, tells us of the lustrous eyes of deep black of his *bella donna*, the Countess of Albany, which to others of less excited vision appeared to be of a light blue or grey colour.

WALKS IN CHILDHOOD.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

THE years of my childhood passed away in humble and peaceful simplicity. I loved the shadow of high rocks, and the free music of the brooks in summer. My heart was full of gladness, though it scarcely knew why. I found companionship among the beautiful and tuneful things of nature, and was happy all the day. But when evening darkened the landscape, I sat down mournfully. There was no brother into whose hand I might put my own, and say, "Lead me forth, to look at the solemn stars, and tell me of their names." Sometimes, too, I wept in my bed, because there must never

be a sister, to lay her gentle head upon the same pillow.

Often, at twilight, before the lamp was lighted, there came up out of my brotherless and sisterless bosom, what seemed to be a companion. I talked with it, and it comforted me. I did not know that its name was *Thought*. But I waited for it, and whatsoever it asked of me, I answered.

It questioned me of my knowledge. And I said I knew where the first fresh violets of spring grew, and when the sweet lily of the vale comes forth from its broad, green sheath, and where the vine climbs to hide its purple grapes, and how the nut ripens in the forest, after autumn comes with its sparkling frost. I knew how the bee is nourished in winter, by that essence of flowers, which her industry embalms; and I have learned to draw forth the kindness of the domestic animals, and to know the names of the birds that build their nests in my father's trees.

But Thought inquired of me, "What knowledge hast thou of those who reason, and have dominion over the things that God hath created?" Then I

confessed, "Of my own race, save of those who nurture me, do I know nothing."

I was troubled at my ignorance. So, I went forth more widely, and earnestly regarded what was passing among men.

Once, I walked abroad, when the dews of the morning still lingered upon the grass, and the white lilies drooped their beautiful bells, as if shedding tears of joy. Nature breathed a perpetual song into the hearts of even her silent children. But I looked only on those whose souls have the gift of reason, and who are not born to die. I said, if the spirit of joy is in the frail flower that flourishes but for a day, and in the bird that bears to its nest but a single crumb of bread, and in the lamb that knows no friend but its mother, how much purer must be their happiness, who are surrounded with good things as with a flowing river, and whose knowledge need have no limit but life, and who know, that though they seem to die, it is to live for ever.

Then I looked upon a group of children. Their garb was neglected, and their locks uncombed. They were unfed and untaught, and clamoured

loudly, with wayward tongues. I asked them why they went not to school with their companions, and they mocked at me.

I heard two friends speak harsh and violent words to each other, and turned away affrighted, at the blows they dealt.

I saw a man with a bloated and fiery countenance. He seemed strong as the oak among trees, yet were his steps more unsteady than those of the tottering babe. He fell heavily, and I wondered why no hand was stretched out to raise him up.

I saw an open grave. A poor widow stood near it with her little ones. Yet methought their own sufferings had set a deeper seal upon them, than sorrow for the dead.

Then I marvelled what it could be, that made the father and mother not pity their children when they hungered, nor call them home when they were in wickedness; and the friends forget their early love; and the strong man fall down senseless; and the young die before his time. And a voice answered, "It is *Intemperance*. Yea, it hath wrought many other evils, and there is mourning throughout the land, because of this."

So I returned, sorrowing. Had God given me a brother or a sister, I would have thrown my arms around their neck, and said, "Touch not your lips, I pray you, to the poison-cup, but let us drink the pure water which God hath blessed, all the days of our life."

Again I went forth, and attentively looked on what passed around. I met a beautiful boy weeping. I said, "Why dost thou mourn?" And he replied, "My father went to the wars, and is dead. He will come back to me no more."

I saw a woman pale and weak with grief. The sun shone upon her dwelling, and the woodbine climbed to the window, and blossomed sweetly. But she beheld not their brightness. For she was a widow. Her husband had been slain in battle. There was joy for her no more.

I saw a hoary man. He sat by the wayside. His head rested on his bosom. His garments were old, and his flesh wasted away. Yet he asked not for charity. I said, "Why is thy heart sad?" He answered,

"I had a son, an only one. I toiled from his cradle, that he might be fed and clothed, and taught

wisdom. He grew up to bless me. All my labour and weariness were forgotten. I knew no want, for he cherished me. But he left me, to be a soldier. On the field of battle he fell. Therefore, mine eye runneth down with water, because the comforter that should relieve my soul shall return no more."

I said, "Show me a field of battle, that I may know what war means."

But he said, "Thou art not able to bear the sight. I will tell thee what I have seen when the battle was done. A broad plain, covered with dead, and those who struggled in the pains of death. The earth trampled, and stained with blood. Wounded horses rolling upon their riders, and tearing with their hoofs, the mangled forms that lay near them. And for every man that was there in his blood and agony, how bitter must be the mourning of the parents who reared him, or of the wife whom he protected, or of the young children who sat upon his knee. Yet is this but a little part of the misery that war createth."

Then I said, "Tell me no more, I beseech thee, of battle or of war, for my heart is sick."

When I saw that the silver-haired man raised his eyes upward, I kneeled down by his side. And he prayed, "Lord, keep this child from anger and hatred and ambition, which are the seeds of war. And grant to all, who take the name of Jesus Christ, peaceable and meek hearts, that, shunning the deeds of strife, they may dwell at last in the country of peace, even in heaven."

Hastening to my home, I said to my mother, "Shelter me, as I have been sheltered, in solitude and in love. Bid me turn the wheel of industry, or bring water from the fountain, or tend the plants in the garden, or feed a young bird and listen to its song,—but let me go no more forth, to see the vices and miseries of man."

Hartford, Conn.

FILIAL CLAIMS.

Who bendeth with meek eye, and bloodless cheek,
Thus o'er the new-born babe?—content to take,
As payment for all agony and pain,
Its first soft kiss,—its first breath on her brow,—
The first faint pressure of its tiny hand?
—It is not needful that I speak the name
Of *that one being on this earth*, whose love
Doth never falter.—

Answer me, young man!

Thou, who thro' chance and change of time hast trod
Thus far,—when some with vengeful wrath have
mark'd

Thy waywardness,—or in thy time of wo
Deserted thee,—or with a rainbow smile
Cheer'd and forsook,—or on thine errors scowl'd
With unforgiving memory,—*did she*,—
Thy mother?

Child ! in whose rejoicing heart
The cradle scene is fresh—the lulling hymn
Still clearly echo'd,—when the blight of age
Withereth that bosom, where thy head doth lay—
When pain shall paralyze the arm that clasps
Thy form so tenderly,—*wilt thou forget ?*
Wilt thou be weary ? though long years should ask
Thy patient offices of love, to gird
A broken mind ?

Turn back thy book of life
To its first page. What impress meets thee there ?
Lines from a mother's pencil. When her scroll
Of time is finished, and the hand of death
Stamps that strong seal, which none save God may
break,
What should its last trace be ?

Thy bending form,
In sleepless love, the dying couch beside,
Thy tender hand upon the closing eye,
Unshrinking, though cold dews of pain are there,
Thy kiss upon the lips, thy prayer to heaven,
The chasten'd rendering of thy filial trust
Up to the white-wing'd angel ministry.

L. H. S.

Hartford, Conn.

THE BELL OF THE REVOLUTION.

ON the old State-House Bell, in Philadelphia, which was cast in that city, several years before the American Revolution, is the following prophetic inscription: "Proclaim LIBERTY throughout all the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof."—*Leviticus* xxv, 10. The ringing of this bell gave the first intelligence of the signing of the Declaration of Independence.

'Twas fitting that throughout the land,
The anointed bell proclaim
The triumphs of a glorious band,
And their invaders' shame:
'Twas fitting that its merry peal
Should fling out silver tones,
That did, before, the word reveal
So terrible to thrones.

Talk not of chance! the word that went
To Israel's tribes of yore,
Free as the winds of heaven, was sent
To this far western shore;
Our fathers spake it in distress—
A small and feeble flock—
They hymn'd it in the wilderness,
And wrote it on the rock.

Talk not of chance! for well *he* knew,—
The founder—that his art
Graved only here the impress true,
Already on the heart:
And well he deemed that LIBERTY
Should one day wake the sword,—
Around the hearths of all the free
It was a cherish'd word,

Known, not in vain imaginings,
To wake up idle strife;
But treasured as a holy thing,
Dearer to heart than life.
Marvel not then, the voice thus pent
Within the conscious breast,

At times, through some unguarded vent
Should rush forth unrepres't.

Interpreted, it truly told
Of high oppression's knell;
Of banners beckoning, garments roll'd
In blood—that warning bell!
Yea, also, that from martyr-graves,
Columbia's living seed
Should spring—the scourge of sceptred slaves,
The bulwark of her need.

Talk not of chance! not only *here*,
Forth goes the unerring sound;—
It stirs another hemisphere,
A world shall be unbound!
And children, rescued from the yoke,
Shall to their children tell
Of the immortal deed that woke
The Revolution's Bell.

W. B. TAPPAN.

Philadelphia.

ASPIRATIONS AFTER NATURE.

BY CHARLES WEST THOMSON.

"O! for the hills—the hills!"

WILLIAM TELL.

I'm weary of the ways of men,
Their thousand arts and heartless wiles,—
I long to seek the wood and glen,
Where nature in her beauty smiles.
Let those who can, in crowded haunts
The joys of life concentr'd see,
Be mine the scene that more enchants—
The hills—the hills for me!

Falsehood and treachery pervade
The spot where trade her seat maintains,

And crafts the human soul degrade,
 Unknown among the woods and plains—
Man on the mountain-tops may stand,
 From social vices nobly free,
Nor see the curse that blights the land—
 The hills—the hills for me!

Where'er we turn—where'er we gaze,
 Some touch of misery meets the eye,
And pride and folly's altars blaze
 With victims they have caused to die.—
The heart will sicken at the sight
 Of wrongs and ills it needs must see—
And longs to take a lasting flight—
 The hills—the hills for me!

Who would forego the rapturous joys
 That nature to the soul can bring,
For all the riot that destroys
 The brightest gloss on pleasure's wing?
Who would in fashion's heartless chain,
 Enthral a soul by nature free,
When freedom walks the upland plain?—
 The hills—the hills for me!

There morning opes her dewy eye
O'er fields, where every floweret vies
In offering to the summer sky
Odours that breathe of paradise;
The glow of pure and fresh delight
Is seen in every verdant tree;—
O! forest scenes are always bright—
The hills—the hills for me!

The voice of liberty is heard
In every river's rushing fall,—
It warbles with the sportive bird,
And echoes to the eagle's call.—
The grove speaks soft its mystic tone,
When winds sweep by in summer glee:
O! freedom loves her mountain-throne—
The hills—the hills for me!

'Twere sweet, my friend, to wander far
With thee, beyond the haunts of men,
And hail the evening's princely star,
As hunters of the woodland glen—
The mental brightness of thine eye
In liberty's full blaze to see,

And hear thee raise the exulting cry,
The hills—the hills for me!

To art's proud temples then farewell!
Ye scenes of busy toil adieu!
The wilderness no tale can tell
Of wretchedness and wrong, like you.—
Beneath your sway the mind must roam
Debased—degraded—all but free—
The wild-wood walks are man's true home—
The hills—the hills for me!

THE SMUGGLER'S REPOSE.

THIS plate represents a party of smugglers, who, with their kegs of French brandy, have recently landed on the English coast, after a run across the channel. They have unshipped the mast of their boat, and it is reclining against the rock behind them. One of the smugglers, overcome with fatigue, is sinking to sleep; but his comrade appears, as yet, too anxious to resign himself to repose. Their boy is lying on the beach, and observing with a glass, the movements of a distant vessel, which they suspect to be on the revenue service, and, as such, an object of dread and avoidance to all traders in contraband articles. The setting sun, and the moon appearing above the cliffs, denote the time to be evening.



THE MAN WHO WAS FOUND DEAD ON THE SHORE.

2000

2000

MANUSCRIPT FOUND IN A BOTTLE.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

A wet sheet and a flowing sea.

CUNNINGHAM.

OF my country and of my family I have little to say. Ill usage and length of years have driven me from the one and estranged me from the other. Hereditary wealth afforded me an education of no common order, and a contemplative turn of mind enabled me to methodize the stores which early study very diligently garnered up. Beyond all things the works of the German moralists gave me great delight: not from any ill-advised admiration of their eloquent madness, but from the ease with which my

habits of rigid thought enabled me to detect their falsities. I have often been reproached with the aridity of my genius,—a deficiency of imagination has been imputed to me as a crime—and the Pyrrhonism of my opinions has at all times rendered me notorious. Indeed a strong relish for physical philosophy has, I fear, tinctured my mind with a very common error of this age—I mean the habit of referring occurrences, even the least susceptible of such reference, to the principles of that science. Upon the whole no person could be less liable than myself to be led away from the severe precincts of truth by the *ignes fatui* of superstition. I have thought proper to premise thus much, lest the incredible tale I have to tell should be considered rather the ravings of a crude imagination, than the positive experience of a mind to which the reveries of fancy have been a dead letter and a nullity.

After many years spent in foreign travel, I sailed in the year 18—, from the port of Batavia in the rich and populous island of Java, on a voyage to the Archipelago of the Sunda Islands. I went as passenger—having no other inducement than a kind of nervous restlessness which haunted me like a fiend.

Our vessel was a beautiful ship of about four hundred tons, copper-fastened, and built at Bombay of Malabar teak. She was freighted with cotton-wool, and oil from the Lackadive islands. We had also on board coir, jaggeree, ghee, cocoa-nuts, and a few cases of opium. The stowage was clumsily done, and the vessel consequently crank.

We got under way with a mere breath of wind, and for many days stood along the eastern coast of Java, without any other incident to beguile the monotony of our course, than the occasional meeting with some of the small grabs of the Archipelago to which we were bound.

One evening, leaning over the taffrail, I observed a very singular isolated cloud to the north-west. It was remarkable, as well from its colour, as from its being the first we had seen since our departure from Batavia. I watched it attentively until sunset, when it spread all at once to the eastward and westward, girding in the horizon with a narrow strip of vapour, and looking like a long line of low beach. My notice was soon afterwards attracted by the dusky red appearance of the moon, and the peculiar character of the sea. The latter was undergoing a rapid

change, and the water seemed more than usually transparent. Although I could distinctly see the bottom, yet, heaving the lead, I found the ship in fifteen fathoms. The air now became intolerably hot, and was loaded with spiral exhalations similar to those arising from heated iron. As night came on, every breath of wind died away; and a more entire calm it is impossible to conceive. The flame of a candle burnt upon the poop without the least perceptible motion, and a long hair held between the finger and thumb, hung without the possibility of detecting a vibration. However, as the captain said he could perceive no indication of danger, and as we were drifting in bodily to shore, he ordered the sails to be furled and the anchor let go. No watch was set, and the crew, consisting principally of Malays, stretched themselves deliberately upon deck. I went below, not without a full presentiment of evil. Indeed every appearance warranted me in apprehending a simoom. I told the captain my fears; but he paid no attention to what I said, and went below without deigning to give me a reply. My uneasiness however prevented me from sleeping, and about midnight I went upon deck.

As I placed my foot upon the upper step of the companion ladder, I was startled with a loud humming noise, like that occasioned by the rapid revolution of a mill-wheel, and before I could ascertain its meaning, I found the ship quivering to its centre. In the next instant a wilderness of foam hurled us upon our beam-ends, and rushing over us fore and aft, swept the entire decks from stem to stern.

The extreme fury of the blast proved, in a great measure, the salvation of the ship. Although completely water-logged, yet, as all her masts had gone by the board, she rose, after a minute, heavily from the sea, and staggering awhile beneath the immense pressure of the tempest, finally righted.

By what miracle I escaped destruction, it is impossible to say. Stunned by the shock of the water, I found myself, upon recovery, jammed in between the stern-post and rudder. With great difficulty I gained my feet, and looking dizzily around, was at first struck with the idea of our being among breakers, so terrific beyond the wildest imagination was the whirlpool of mountainous and foaming ocean within which we were engulfed.

After awhile I heard the voice of an old Swede, who had shipped with us at the moment of our leaving port. I halloed to him with all my strength, and presently he came reeling aft. We soon discovered that we were the sole survivors of the accident. All on deck, with the exception of ourselves, had been swept overboard, and the captain and mates must have perished as they slept, for the cabins were deluged with water. Without assistance we could expect to do little for the security of the ship, and our exertions were at first paralyzed by the momentary expectation of going down. Our cable had, of course, parted like packthread at the first breath of the hurricane, or we should have been instantaneously overwhelmed. We scudded with frightful velocity before the sea, and the water made clear breaches over us. The framework of our stern was shattered excessively, and in almost every respect we had received considerable injury—but to our extreme joy we found the pumps unchoked, and that we had no great difficulty in keeping free. The main fury of the simoom had already blown over, and we apprehended little danger from the violence of the wind; but we

looked forward to its total cessation with dismay, well believing that in our shattered condition we should inevitably perish in the tremendous swell which would ensue. But this very just apprehension seemed by no means likely to be soon verified. For five entire days and nights—during which our only subsistence was a small quantity of jaggaree, procured with great difficulty from the forecastle—the hulk flew at a rate defying computation, before rapidly succeeding flaws of wind, which, without equalling the first violence of the simoom, were still more terrific than any tempest I had before encountered. Our course for the first four days was, with trifling variations, south-east and by south, and we must have run down the coast of New Holland. On the fifth day the cold became extreme, although the wind had hauled round a point more to the northward. The sun arose with a sickly yellow lustre, and clambered a very few degrees above the horizon, emitting no decisive light. There were no clouds whatever apparent, yet the wind was upon the increase, and blew with a fitful and unsteady fury. About noon, as nearly as we could guess, our attention was again arrested

by the appearance of the sun. It emitted no light, properly so called, but a dull and sullen glow unaccompanied by any ray. Just before sinking within the turgid sea, its central fires suddenly went out, as if hurriedly extinguished by some unaccountable power—it was a dim, silver-like rim alone, as it rushed down the unfathomable ocean.

We waited in vain for the sixth day—that day to me has not yet arrived—to him never did arrive. Thenceforward we were enshrouded in pitchy darkness, so that we could not have seen an object at twenty paces from the ship. Eternal night continued to envelope us, all unrelieved by the phosphoric sea-brilliancy, to which we had been accustomed in the tropics. We observed, too, that although the tempest continued to rage with unabated violence, there was no longer to be discovered the usual appearance of surf or foam which had hitherto attended us. All around us was horror, and a thick gloom, and a black, sweltering desert of ebony. Superstitious terror crept by degrees into the spirit of the old Swede, and my own soul was wrapt in silent wonder. We neglected all care of the ship, as worse than useless; and, securing our-

selves as well as possible to the stump of the mizenmast, looked out bitterly into the world of ocean. We had no means of calculating time, nor could we form any guess of our situation. We were, however, well aware of having made farther to the southward than any previous navigators, and felt extreme amazement at not meeting with the usual impediments of ice. In the meantime every moment threatened to be our last—every mountainous billow hurried to overwhelm us. The swell surpassed anything I had imagined possible, and that we were not instantly buried is a miracle. My companion spoke of the lightness of our cargo, and reminded me of the excellent qualities of our ship—but I could not help feeling the utter hopelessness of hope itself, and prepared myself gloomily for that death which I thought nothing could defer beyond an hour, as, with every knot of way the ship made, the swelling of the black stupendous seas became more dismally appalling. At times we gasped for breath at an elevation beyond the Albatross—at times became dizzy with the velocity of our descent into some watery hell where the air grew stagnant, and no sound disturbed the slum-

bers of the Kraken. We were at the bottom of one of these abysses when a quick scream from my companion broke fearfully upon the night. "See! see!" cried he, shrieking in my ears, "Almighty God! see! see!" As he spoke I became aware of a dull, sullen glare of light which rolled, as it were, down the sides of the vast chasm where we lay, and threw a fitful brilliancy upon our deck. Casting my eyes upwards, I beheld a spectacle which froze the current of my blood. At a terrific height, directly above us, and upon the very verge of the precipitous descent, hovered a gigantic ship of nearly four thousand tons. Although upreared upon the summit of a wave of more than a million times her own altitude, her apparent size still exceeded that of any ship of the line or East Indiaman in existence. Her huge hull was of a deep dingy black, unrelieved by any of the customary carvings of a ship. A single row of brass cannon protruded from her open ports, and dashed off from their polished surfaces the fires of innumerable battle-lanterns which swung to and fro about her rigging. But what mainly inspired us with horror and astonishment was, that she bore up under a press of sail

in the very teeth of that supernatural sea, and of that ungovernable hurricane. When we first discovered her, her stupendous bows were alone to be seen as she rose up, like a demon of the deep, slowly from the everlasting gulf beyond her. For a moment of intense terror she paused upon the giddy pinnacle, as if in contemplation of her own sublimity—then trembled and tottered, and—came down.

At this instant I know not what sudden self-possession came over my spirit. Staggering as far aft as I could, I awaited fearlessly the ruin that was to overwhelm. Our vessel was at length ceasing from her struggles, and sinking with her head to the sea. The shock of the descending mass struck her consequently in that portion of her frame which was already under water, and the inevitable result was to hurl me with irresistible violence upon the rigging of the stranger.

As I fell, the ship hove in stays and went about, and to the confusion ensuing, I attributed my escape from the notice of the crew. With little difficulty I made my way unperceived to the main hatchway, which was partially open, and soon found

an opportunity of secreting myself in the hold. Why I did so, I can hardly tell. A nameless and indefinite sense of awe, which at first sight of the navigators of the ship had taken hold of my mind, was perhaps the principle of my concealment. I was unwilling to trust myself with a race of people who had offered to the cursory glance I had taken, so many points of vague novelty, doubt, and apprehension. I therefore thought proper to contrive a hiding-place in the hold. This I did by removing a small portion of the shifting-boards in such a manner as to afford me a convenient retreat between the huge timbers of the ship.

I had scarcely completed my work when a foot-step in the hold forced me to make use of it. A man passed by my place of concealment with a feeble and unsteady gait. I could not see his face, but had an opportunity of observing his general appearance. There was about it an evidence of great age and infirmity. His knees tottered beneath a load of years, and his entire frame quivered under the burthen. He muttered to himself, in a low, broken tone, some words of a language which I could not understand, and groped in a corner among

a pile of singular-looking instruments, and decayed charts of navigation. His manner was a wild mixture of the peevishness of second childhood, and the solemn dignity of a god. He at length went on deck, and and I saw him no more.

* * * * *

A feeling for which I have no name has taken possession of my soul—a sensation which will admit of no analysis—to which the lessons of bygone time are inadequate—and for which I fear futurity itself will offer me no key. To a mind constituted like my own, the latter consideration is an evil. I shall never—I know that I shall never be satisfied with regard to the nature of my conceptions. Yet it is not wonderful that these conceptions are indefinite, since they have their origin in sources so utterly novel. A new sense, a new entity is added to my soul.

It is long since I first trod the deck of this terrible ship, and the rays of my destiny are, I think, gathering to a focus. Incomprehensible men! Wrapped up in meditations of a kind which I cannot divine, they pass me by unnoticed. Concealment is utter folly on my part—for the people will

not see. It was but just now that I passed directly before the eyes of the mate—it was no long while ago that I ventured into the captain's own private cabin, and took thence the materials with which I write, and have written. I shall from time to time continue this journal. It is true that I may not find an opportunity of transmitting it to the world, but I will not fail to make the endeavour. At the last moment I will enclose the MS. in a bottle and cast it within the sea.

An incident has occurred which has given me new room for meditation. Are such things the operations of ungoverned chance? I had ventured upon deck, and had thrown myself down, without attracting any notice, among a pile of ratlin-stuff and old sails in the bottom of the yawl. While musing upon the singularity of my fate, I unwittingly daubed with a tar-brush the edges of a neatly folded studding-sail which lay near me on a barrel. The studding-sail is now bent upon the ship, and the thoughtless touches of the brush are spread out into the word **DISCOVERY**.

I have made many observations lately upon the structure of the vessel. Although well armed, she

is not, I think, a ship of war. Her rigging, build, and general equipment, all negative a supposition of the kind. What she is not I can easily perceive—what she is, I fear it is impossible to say. I know not how it is, but in scrutinizing her strange model, and singular cast of spars—her huge size, and overgrown suits of canvass—her severely simple bow and antiquated stern—there will occasionally flash across my mind a sensation of familiar things—and there is always mixed up with such shadows, as it were, of recollection, an unaccountable memory of old foreign chronicles and ages long ago.

I have been looking at the timbers of the ship. She is built of a material to which I am a stranger. There is a peculiar character about the wood which strikes me as rendering it unfit for the purpose to which it has been applied. I mean its extreme *porousness* considered independently of the worm-eaten condition which is a consequence of navigation in these seas, and apart from the rottenness attendant upon age. It will appear perhaps an observation somewhat over-curious, but this wood has every characteristic of Spanish oak, *if Spanish*

oak were distended or swelled by any unnatural means.

In reading the above sentence a curious apothegm of an old weatherbeaten Dutch navigator, comes full upon my recollection. "It is as sure"—he was wont to say when any doubt was entertained of his veracity—"as sure as there is a sea where the ship itself will grow in bulk like the living body of the seaman."

About an hour ago I made bold to thrust myself among a group of the crew. They paid me no manner of attention, and, although I stood in the very midst of them all, seemed utterly unconscious of my presence. Like the one I had first seen in the hold, they all bore about them the marks of a hoary old age. Their knees trembled with infirmity—their shoulders were bent double with decrepitude—their shrivelled skins rattled in the wind—their voices were low, tremulous, and broken—their eyes glistened with the rheum of years—and their grey hairs streamed terribly in the tempest. Around them on every part of the deck lay scattered mathematical instruments of the most quaint and obsolete construction.

I mentioned some time ago the bending of a studding-sail. From that period, the ship, being thrown dead off the wind, has held her terrific course due south, with every rag of canvass packed upon her from her trucks to her lower studding-sail booms, and rolling every moment her topgallant yard-arms into the most appalling hell of water which it can enter into the mind of man to imagine. I have just left the deck where I find it impossible to maintain a footing, although the crew seem to experience little inconvenience. It appears to me a miracle of miracles that our enormous hulk is not buried up at once and for ever. We are surely doomed to hover continually upon the brink of eternity, without taking a final plunge into the abyas. From billows a thousand times more stupendous than any I have ever seen, we glide away with the facility of the arrowy seagull, and the colossal waters rear their heads above us, like demons of the deep, but like demons confined to simple threats, and forbidden to destroy. I am led to attribute these frequent escapes from imminent and deadly peril to the only natural cause which can account for such effect. I must suppose the

ship to be within the influence of some strong current, or impetuous under-tow.

I have seen the captain face to face in his own cabin—but, as I expected, he paid me no attention. Although in his appearance there was, to a casual observer, nothing which might bespeak him more or less than man—still a feeling of irrepressible reverence and awe mingled with the sensation of wonder with which I regarded him. In stature he is nearly my own height—that is, I mean, about five feet eight inches. He is of a well-knit and compact frame of body, neither robust, nor remarkably otherwise. But it is the singularity of the expression which reigns upon the face—it is the intense, the wonderful, the thrilling evidence of old age, so utter, so extreme, which strikes upon my soul with the shock of a galvanic battery. His forehead, although little wrinkled, seems to bear upon it the stamp of a myriad of years. His grey hairs are records of the past, and his greyer eyes are Sibyls of the future. The cabin floor was thickly strewn with strange, iron-clasped folios, and mouldering instruments of science, and obsolete, long-forgotten charts. His head was bowed

down upon his hands; and he pored, with a fiery, unquiet eye, over a paper which I took to be a commission, and which, at all events, bore the signature of a monarch. He muttered to himself, as did the first seaman whom I saw in the hold, some low, peevish syllables of a foreign tongue; and although the speaker was close at my elbow, yet his voice seemed to reach my ears from the distance of a mile.

The ship and all in it are imbued with the spirit of Eld. The crew glide to and fro like the ghosts of buried centuries; their eyes have an eager and uneasy meaning; and when their figures fall athwart my path in the wild glare of the battle-lanterns, I feel as I have never felt before; although I have been all my life a dealer in antiquities, and have imbibed the shadows of fallen columns at Balbec, and Tadmor, and Persepolis, until my very soul has become a ruin.

When I look around me, I feel ashamed of my former apprehensions. If I trembled at the blast which has hitherto attended us, shall I not stand aghast at a warring of wind and ocean, to convey an idea of which, the words tornado and simoom

are trivial and ineffective! All in the immediate vicinity of the ship is the blackness of eternal night, and a chaos of foamless water; but, about a league on either side of us, may be seen, indistinctly and at intervals, stupendous ramparts of ice towering away into the desolate sky, and looking like the walls of the universe.

As I imagined, the ship proves to be in a current, if that appellation can properly be given to a tide which, howling and shrieking by the white ice, thunders on to the southward with a velocity like the headlong dashing of a cataract.

To conceive the horror of my sensations is, I presume, utterly impossible, yet a curiosity to penetrate the mysteries of these awful regions predominates even over my despair, and will reconcile me to the most hideous aspect of death. It is evident that we are hurrying onwards to some exciting knowledge,—some never-to-be-imparted secret, whose attainment is destruction. Perhaps this current leads us to the southern pole itself; it must be confessed that a supposition apparently so wild, has every probability in its favour.

The crew pace the deck with unquiet and tremu-

lous step, but there is upon their countenances an expression more of the eagerness of hope than of the apathy of despair.

In the meantime the wind is still in our poop, and as we carry a crowd of canvass, the ship is at times lifted bodily from out the sea—oh, horror upon horror!—the ice opens suddenly to the right and to the left, and we are whirling dizzily in immense concentric circles round and round and round the borders of a gigantic amphitheatre, the summit of whose walls is lost in the darkness and the distance. But little time will be left me to ponder upon my destiny—the circles rapidly grow small—we are plunging madly within the grasp of the whirlpool—and amid a roaring, and bellowing, and shrieking of ocean and of tempest, the ship is quivering—oh God!—and going down.

SOLICITING A VOTE.

THE artist has evidently intended this picture as an illustration of the effects of "the march of intellect," on the British commonalty. The aristocratic candidate of the pending election, (accompanied by an anxious-looking colleague,) is humbling himself, with all the suavity he can force into his face and manner, to beg the suffrage of a sturdy mechanic just come home from work, and enjoying the comforts of his own fireside. The plebeian, with a segar in his mouth, and a radical pamphlet in his hand, coolly retains his seat, and keeps on his cap in presence of the bowing patrician, and looking over one shoulder, informs the gentleman that he shall vote for Mr. Hume, "the man of the people." The artisan's wife, in an attitude of



affected nonchalance, with folded arms, and a look that seems to say, "We are quite as good as you," probably participates in the opinions of her husband, while the Penny Magazine, and the volume of Political Economy, lying on the floor, show from whence these opinions are derived.

A PENNSYLVANIA TALE.

BY J. K. PAULDING.

WHOSOEVER cannot read and ponder over the simple and affecting memorials of the early adventurers to this new world, may be safely pronounced equally devoid of all true feeling, as well as all genuine patriotism. Their persecutions in the old world, their adventurous heroism, in cutting themselves adrift from all the enjoyments of social life, and severing all its ties of kindred and country, and their steady endurance of all the dangers, privations, and sufferings of the pathless wilderness, rather than submit to the tyranny of an inexorable hierarchy, and a bigot king without religion, furnish noble examples to their posterity, at the same

time that they demand its respect and reverence through all succeeding ages.

Among all the venerable characters connected with these noble and affecting recollections, that of William Penn stands, perhaps, most conspicuous, for its beautiful simplicity, its sober, yet, at the same time, unconquerable perseverance; its invincible moral courage, coupled with its mild philanthropy. Exiled himself by persecution, he never persecuted others; the victim of overwhelming zeal or inexorable bigotry in one quarter of the world, he brought with him into another, not that spirit of vengeance which so often prompts men to practise in their strength what they suffered in their weakness,—he laid the foundation of his empire in the wilderness, on the basis of equal and universal toleration. He had demonstrated the sincerity of his own faith by sacrifices and sufferings, and did not think it necessary to offer up human victims to prove his devotion to that Being whose most beautiful attribute is forgiveness. It is believed he never broke his word with men, and in all his intercourse with the red children of the forest, he kept his faith with them, as he had done

with his Maker. No one can ever forget that famous treaty with the untutored savages, of which it was said with equal truth and severity, that "it was the only one not ratified by oaths, and the only one that was never broken." The old tree which witnessed this memorable phenomenon, is decayed and gone; but the spot where it grew is connected to true faith and philanthropy, and the event which occurred beneath its wide-spreading shade is recommended to all future time, by the simplicity of its grandeur, and the sublime moral it conveys.

It seems almost irreverent to associate the name of such a man, and the memory of such events with fiction; and for this reason, we shall lay before our readers a tale, the principal events of which, were related to us many years ago by an old lady of Philadelphia, who, after a long life of usefulness and purity, was gathered, not to her fathers, for they slept far away, but to her peaceful mansion in the burying-ground of Christ Church. She had conversed with some of the companions of William Penn—whom we would place high above those of Mahomet that afterwards in succession swayed his

empire of fanaticism—and recollected, or fancied that she recollected having seen the good patriarch of Pennsylvania, in the days of her early childhood. It was from one of the earliest emigrants that she received the particulars of the following story.

It was on the memorable day that William Penn had made his famous treaty with the Indians of Coaquanock and its neighbourhood, and after he had listened to their long speeches, exchanged gifts, and smoked the calumet with the kings of the woods, that turning himself towards home, he chanced to espy a young man, dressed not after the fashion of the Friends, but in the livery of the worldly-minded, standing in somewhat a disconsolate attitude, with folded arms, and head seemingly depressed with sorrow, who appeared unconscious of the passing scene, or indifferent to its consequences. He was tall, and of the age of manhood, with a pale aspect, a sorrowful eye, and there was that in his upright port of body, which seemed to indicate that he had once been a soldier.

William Penn, who did not recollect him, as he had come over in a different ship, was some-

what struck with the appearance of the stranger, most especially with his melancholy aspect, and air of solitary abstraction. In his simple manner, and out of the goodness of his heart, he bade his friends go forward a little, while he turned towards the young stranger, and said:—

“Friend, thou seemest in sorrow or perplexity. May I ask thy name, and whether I can do thee a service?”

“My name is Markham, and my father was one of the persecutors of thy faith,” answered the other hastily and proudly.

“Sayest thou so? What old Justice Markham, who ordered friend George Fox to be imprisoned and scourged with stripes? Truly I and my people owe him little else but forgiveness for his wrongs.”

“I know it,” replied the other, “and expect nothing from thee, or them.” So saying, he was departing hastily, when the good founder stayed him.

“Friend Markham,” quoth he, “thou knowest little of William Penn, if thou believest that the memory of wrongs is to him any other than a

monitor to remind him that it is the duty of all Christians to return good for evil. Whatsoever I may have brought with me to this new world, I have left behind the remembrance of injuries. If I can serve thee, say it; if not, I am gone."

He waited a little while, as if to give time for the young man to speak, but seeing he made no reply, was turning away, when the stranger exclaimed hastily:

"Sir, noble sir!" said the stranger, and then stopped.

"Jeer me not, friend," replied the founder, "call me not sir, nor noble sir; since although the foolish maker of our almanac hath denominated me Lord Penn in his lying chronicle of the weather, I am but plain William Penn, thy friend, if thou wantest a friend."

The stranger, as if by a mighty effort, advanced quickly towards the good founder, and said in a voice almost suffocated with emotion,

"I do indeed want a friend: I am hungry, and know not where to find food; I am alone, and without friends, a home, or the means of procuring employment or food. For many days I have in-

habited one of the caves in which the first of your people took shelter on their arrival, and for four and twenty hours I have tasted no Christian food. I have seen——”

“Say not another word, friend Markham, but go along with me. When thou hast quenched thy hunger, thou mayest satisfy my curiosity, if thou wilt.” And thus saying, he carried the young man home to his own house, which in these times would be, peradventure, eschewed by a moderate citizen, whose whole means albeit consist in debts and borrowings.

When they arrived at the simple home of the patriarch of Pennsylvania, he set before the stranger a plain yet plenteous meal, of which he partook with such sturdy appetite that the former could not forbear saying,

“Friend Markham, it doth me good to see thee eat, and truly I think I will partake with thee.” So he sat down, and they ate together.

When the stranger had finished his meal, which was a goodly one, William Penn, who indeed was not without a spice of curiosity in his disposition, waited with what patience he might for the

stranger to relate his adventures. But finding him gradually relapsing, as it were, into a melancholy abstraction, he thought he would jog his memory a little.

"Friend Markham, if thou hast sufficiently refreshed thyself, I am ready to hear thy story if it so please you. The night is setting in, and I was once, in the days of my youth, fond of adventure."

"It is nothing but a tale of love, and I would not trouble thee with it," replied the young man.

"Well, nevertheless, let me hear it. I was once in love myself,"—and the good patriarch sighed over the remembrance of his helpmate far over the sea.

"Thou rememberest my father, old Roger Markham of Meadowfield in Leicestershire?"

"Verily do I, friend. I have reason enough, for much suffering hath he inflicted on me and my friends."

"True, sir—"

"Call me friend, for such I am willing to be unto thee."

"Having lost my mother in early life, and being an only child, I became, from my youth upwards,

the first and almost only object of my father's care, and I may add, of his pride. It is known to you how much he valued his descent, which he claimed was derived from the Saxons, anterior to the time of William the Norman."

"Yea, friend; the Conqueror, of whose subjugation and tyranny the English nobles are so vain, that so they can date their origin from his conquest, and their possessions from his rapacity, they hold their heads even above the stars. But proceed, friend Markham."

"My father delighted in tracing his pedigree, which he had caused to be emblazoned in a gorgeous style, and would repeat with exceeding complacency the names of divers of his forefathers, not one of whom—I speak it with all due respect for my ancestors—ever performed any deed worth sending down to posterity, save one who possessed a hound of such fleetness, that he outran those of King Ethelred, and brought thereby the sentence of banishment upon his owner. Yet was my father exceeding proud of his ancestry."

"Yea, friend, I never knew a man boast of his ancestors, who had any just cause to be proud of anything else. I myself am come of the family of

Tudor; but, inasmuch as I hold the kings of that dynasty in no special veneration, I take no credit to myself on that account. But I interrupt thee, friend,—go on with thy story.”

“My father was zealous and fiery in his devotion to the hierarchy of the established church, and, let me add in justice to his motives, sincerely attached to its creed. He had been taught from his youth upwards, and had read in a variety of books sanctioned by names of great weight and authority, that the only sure basis of religion was an established church; and thus much will I say for him, that he was thoroughly convinced that he could serve the cause of true religion in no way so effectually as by persecuting that which he believed to be false.”

“Yea,” quoth the good patriarch, “he was one of those wise men who believe that throwing oil upon the flame, is the surest way to put it out. But proceed, friend Markham, once again.”

“You are not unacquainted with the rigour with which, as a magistrate, he pursued the her—” here the speaker appeared somewhat confused, and came to a pause.

“Heresies,” quoth William Penn, smiling; “do

not mince the matter, friend Markham, the word is as good as any other."

"Most especially did he hold his old neighbour George Fox in great detestation, seeing, as he was accustomed to say, that he was the firebrand which had first lighted up the flames of—of—"

"Of truth," quoth the patriarch. "But thou mayest call it just what thou pleasest, friend Markham."

"He could not forget that Fox had been accustomed to make shoes for him in early life, and used to lament that fanaticism and the new light had spoiled one of the best workmen in all the county. Besides this, he could never comprehend how a cobbler might possibly be capable of expounding the mysteries of our faith."

"Why not as well as a fisherman?" quoth the patriarch. "But I will interrupt thee no more."

"George Fox was often brought before my father for preaching to the people in the fields, which he thought degrading to the dignity of religion, and——"

"Yea, friend, again said the good William Penn, forgetting his promise, "Yea, thy father, peradven-

ture, forgot the example of the apostles, and him that was a thousand times greater than the apostles, and imagined there was no religion in the world until mankind built stately churches with high steeples, in the spirit, not of piety, but pride."

The stranger proceeded.

"I was sometimes present on these occasions, and must acknowledge, that though I strongly partook of the opinions——"

"Call them prejudices, friend."

"Prejudices then, if such is your pleasure, sir; yet could I not help giving way to a sorrowful sympathy, coupled with an involuntary admiration, when I saw with what a weight of scripture authority he supported his tenets, and witnessed the unconquerable firmness with which he supported stripes, contumely, and imprisonment."

"Yea, we have been tried in the fire of persecution," quoth the patriarch, almost unconsciously.

"One day, George Fox was brought before my father, for one of his usual offences, accompanied by a fair and modest young maiden, who proved to be his daughter Theodocia——"

"I marvel that friend George should give his

daughter such an unchristian name as that; but now I remember she was born before the light had shone upon his benighted vision."

"My father had become somewhat impatient, not to say vindictive, at what he called the obstinacy of George Fox, in not only refusing to pull off his beaver before the majesty of justice, but likewise, as I sometimes imagined, on account of his having more than once put him down in scripture arguments, to the great scandal of the church. Besides this, I had just at that moment offended him by pleading in behalf of one of George Fox's followers, whom he had turned off from his estate, for having called him friend Markham."

"Should not all mankind be friends with each other? and is there any name more becoming among those who are ever in want of friends?" observed the good patriarch.

"My father had a stout argument with George, and although it may not well comport with my duty, I must acknowledge that in my opinion he was fairly worsted, which put him in such a mighty passion, that he incontinently turned upon

the good George's beaver, which he wore as usual in the presence of justice—"

"I wore mine in the presence of the king—" said William Penn."

"He ordered him to doff his beaver, but as usual his requisition was declined."

"'Obstinate fool,' said my father; 'where gottest thou thy scripture warrant for wearing thy infernal beaver on all occasions? Off with his hat, and his chuckle-head too, if they cannot otherwise be separated.'

"'Verily,' answered George, 'I got my warrant for wearing my beaver where thou gottest thine for directing me to pull it off. Hast thou any warrant of the common law forbidding a man wearing what is honestly his own, friend Markham, verily?'

"Nothing more deeply offended my father than to be called friend by his inferiors. He considered it a mortal insult to the dignity of his Saxon ancestors, and forthwith directed the constables to take the hat from George's head by force. As they essayed to do this, George, who was, as thou knowest, an athletic man, acting strictly on the

defensive, and every now and then crying out, 'Take notice, friend, I do not smite thee,' warding off every attempt with wonderful adroitness, until the officers, despairing of success, seized him and pinioned his arms."

During this recital, the good patriarch sat holding fast his beaver with both hands, and when it was concluded gave it a triumphant pat on the top, in token of victory.

"During the contest for the hat," continued the stranger, "and while they were pinioning the father, the daughter of George Fox stood with her arms folded over her bosom, with a quiet firmness, which I then thought betokened a want of filial piety. But when my father, enraged at the obstinacy of the prisoner, ordered him to be first scourged, and then carried to prison, I saw her bosom begin a convulsive heaving, and her eye cast towards heaven as if invoking protection for her parent. My father desired her to withdraw from the scene, but she replied in a voice so plaintive, yet so firm, that it went to my heart:—

"'Nay, friend—I will stay, if it be only to see how the righteous can bear their sufferings when

supported by faith and truth alone. But before thou inflictest the stripes on the person of my dear parent, I do beseech thee, in the name of justice, in the name of humanity, in the name of the living God, to ask of thyself, who it was that gave thee the faculty of looking into the recesses of his providence, and deciding on the sacred and unseen impulses of the heart of man, in its communion with its Maker. Who was it that authorized thee to say that the belief of my father and his followers is not equally well founded with thine own? Thy own pride and selfishness—nothing else. Spare then my father, and let us go our ways in peace—worship our Maker in peace, and, if it so please him, die in peace.’

“But my father, impelled by that stern, inflexible bigotry which I have always considered the besetting sin of piety, rejected this application, and ordered the penalty to be inflicted. It was borne by the father without wincing a muscle, or uttering a murmur of complaint; and by the daughter with a faith and firmness, striving against the agonies of filial suffering. She covered her face with both her hands, and the bitter tears creeping through

her fingers, ran down her cheeks, while the heavings of her bosom bespoke the inward agony. But she uttered not a word, and not a groan escaped her. When all was over, George and his daughter were carried to the neighbouring prison, while my father walked about with a portly consequence, assumed, as I thought, for the sole purpose of persuading himself and others, that he was proud of what he had done. But with all this he betrayed an inward consciousness of having acted wrong, and finally sent a supply of wholesome food to the prisoners.

“As for myself, I could not sleep that night for thinking of the beauty of the Quaker maiden, and the sufferings of her parent. I dwelt on the simplicity of her apparel, which showed off the beauty of her form in such perfection, and all the touching graces, thrown around by nature, and her undeserved persecutions. She was about the middle size, and—”

“Spare thy description, friend Markham,” interrupted the patriarch—“I know the maiden, and must say she is passing fair.”

“The next morning,” continued the young man,

"I determined to go and pay a visit of condolence to the father and the daughter, which I did, and was admitted to their presence. George seemed but little touched with his situation, but Theodocia, though she bore it without complaint or outward suffering, was deadly pale, and looked as if the barb of sorrow had entered her very heart. I endeavoured to console them the best I could, and to apologize for my father, who, I said, was acting under a similar faith in his own peculiar worship, with that which prompted them to persevere in theirs."

" 'But,' said the daughter, 'there is a great difference between the faith which inflicts, and that which endures persecution and tortures. We meddle not with the religion of thy parent, why should he persecute ours?'

" 'Thy father,' said George, 'is but an instrument of torture to try our faith and firmness. Yea, verily, friend Markham, as iron must be tempered and fashioned in the fire, so must the true believer be tried in the flames of persecution. We should not be sure of being right in our belief, did we not suffer with patience and resignation those ills

which none can endure but such as are sustained by the Most High.'

"I continued to visit these blameless prisoners day after day, so that at the end of a fortnight they had become accustomed to see me, and noticed any accidental omission to come. Gradually our hearts seemed to commune with one another, and Theodocia and myself by degrees began to feel a mutual sympathy, which is evermore the prelude to a softer, not a purer feeling. Not to fatigue my benefactor with a long love story, I loved her for the sufferings she had sustained, and she loved me that I did pity them. At the end of a month, it was no longer a secret to ourselves or to George Fox, who often shook his head, and predicted sorrows and disappointments.

"In this state of things I resolved to intercede with my father for the release of those in whom I now took such a deep interest. I did so, but was repulsed with bitter scorn. He assured me, tauntingly, that he knew my secret motives for taking such an interest in the fate of these vagabonds, as he called them, and made insulting allusions, to artful girls, and booby boys, that stung me to the very soul.

In a few days he notified me that he had made choice of the daughter of a neighbouring gentleman, for whom I felt rather aversion than indifference, for my wife; and ordered me to prepare to pay my addresses accordingly. I then declared my attachment to the daughter of George Fox, and the rage of my father was terrible. He denounced his malediction, and ordered me from his presence for ever. I determined to obey him so far as this went, and the next day paid a farewell visit, at least for a time, to Theodocia and her father. But what were my feelings, when I found they had been released, or taken away in the night, without leaving any traces of whither they had gone. All I could learn from the jailor, was, that Theodocia had said to him at parting, 'Tell friend Edward Markham to forget one, who will never forget him.'

"None could or would tell me which way they had bent their course, and whither they had gone. But in time it was rumoured that they had joined the emigrants going out to this fair patrimony of thine, and departed for the new world. Soon after,

I learned that you were on the point of following; and having once more in vain sought to recall the malediction of my father, who thrust me pennyless from his door, I bent my way to the sea-coast, whence you were to embark; and disguising myself as a common sailor, procured admission on board one of your vessels.

“On my arrival here, I was struck to the heart at seeing that George and his daughter were not among your people, and had not sought this land of the persecuted and oppressed. A stranger, and without the means of subsistence, I wandered about without shelter or food, until I found the former in one of the caves by the river-side, that had been once the temporary refuge of some of thy people; and the latter, by catching a few fish, such as my skill in angling enabled me to procure. In this condition you found me, and whatever may be my future fortune, I can never forget your kindness.”

The young man here finished his story, and the good patriarch, after remaining silent a few moments, broke forth rather abruptly as follows:—

“Why didst thou not seek some employment

among my people, that might have procured thee bread, seeing there is great occasion for sturdy labourers here?"

"I am not used to handicraft labour," answered the other in a tone of mortified pride. "I was born and brought up a gentleman, and know not how to work."

"Then, verily, of a truth, friend Markham, thou must learn. We have no use for gentlemen here. We came not hither to enjoy the luxuries of idleness and ease, but to create the means of our own existence in the pathless wilderness of nature. For this purpose, I will on the morrow place thee with an honest pains-taking cobbler, whose craft thou will speedily learn, and then thou wilt be able to procure what is necessary to supply thy wants, and peradventure, in time, become a man of substance. What sayest thou, friend Markham?"

Friend Markham did not, in the least, incline to this proposition; and, after no little struggle with the early habits of his life, and the recollection of his Saxon ancestors, at length expressed a preference for the labours of the field, over those of the stall, begging that if he must work, he might be

employed in cultivating the land, instead of cobbling old shoes.

"What! friend Markham," quoth the other, "dost thou despise the calling of George Fox, whom thou wouldst call thy father-in-law? Verily thou mightest, in good time, should George come over hither, become his partner in the business. But, however, it shall be as thou wilt, and on the morrow we will go forth and find thee some wholesome employment. In the meanwhile thou shalt exchange thy cave for a more comfortable lodging. Yonder door leads to thy chamber—good-night—and do not forget thy prayers."

The next day William Penn set friend Markham to work in his garden, where at first he laboured to little purpose, and was tired almost to death. But, by degrees, he became not only expert in his vocation, but his exertions, from being at first painful, grew at last to be a pleasant resource against the indulgence of sorrowful recollections, or gloomy anticipation. He would often go into the woods, where he selected some of the most beautiful wild flowers that had no name, one of which he called Theodocia, and tended with pecu-

liar care. By the time it had become naturalized to its little new world, Markham became strongly attached to it, and it helped to supply the absence of her he loved.

William Penn, though he exacted from Markham the duties of a gardener, continued to treat him with a frank equality that spared him in a great degree the mortifications of a hireling, and conversed with him in the character of a friend and an equal. By degrees he occasionally drew him into those discussions which the good patriarch delighted in ~~above~~ all things. He set forth his own tenets with all that seductive eloquence and simplicity which he so eminently possessed, and not unfrequently turned aside to give a shrewd animadversion on the pride, ambition, luxury, and intolerance of the church of England. Many a hard argument passed between them, in which the gardener stoutly opposed the proprietor of a vast province, whose patience was often put to the trial by the obstinacy of his disciple. By degrees the faith of friend Edward became somewhat undermined, either by the arguments of his master, or the recollection of the blue eyes and Quaker

bonnet of little Theodocia, and ere three years had passed, he had adopted the broad brim and sober costume of the Friends. This last sacrifice was, however, a matter of necessity, if it had not been one of choice; for there was neither hatter nor tailor in the little village of Philadelphia, that either could or would construct such outlandish garments as Markham had been accustomed to wear.

But still at times a sadness would come over him, as he called to mind his ancient home, his once kind parent, and the fair damsel who he never hoped to meet again. One fine spring morning, when the beams of the sun began to woo the purple buds to open themselves to his genial ray, he brought out his little flower, which he had carefully covered from the frosts of winter, and placing it in a warm, sheltered nook, where the sun shone full upon it, the recollection of her after whose name he had called it, came so full upon his heart, that he leant over and watered it with his tears.

"What ailest thou, friend Markham," said the good patriarch, who had approached him without

being heard. "Has any new mishap befallen thee, or is it the feeling of old grievances, that has been awakened by the renewal of the flowers and music of spring? Acquaint me with thy thoughts, for am I not thy friend?"

Markham, after some hesitation, complied with the request, and received the following reply, which, however satisfactory to those who give the consolation, is seldom so to those who receive it.

"Well, friend Markham, hope for the best. Remember that for the past three years thou hast faithfully fulfilled thy worldly duties, and so far obeyed the will of the Most High. Hope then, but hope humbly, and remember that though the rewards of righteousness are not of this world, yet is it certain that those who obey His will here, are always the happiest, even in this life of probation. When thou least expectest, thou mayest be relieved from thy sorrows."

He smiled, and turned away; but ere he had left the garden, the sound of many voices, mingling together at a distance, met his ear; and immediately thereafter, one came to inform him that the vessel in which his beloved wife had embarked for the

new world, was coming up the river with a fair, fresh breeze.

"Stay where thou art, friend Edward," said he, hastily, and tripped away with a brisk vivacity not altogether becoming the gravity of his character. Markham remained on the same spot a long time; and such is the infirmity of our nature, that though he rejoiced in the happiness of his benefactor, it only made him the more miserable, by the contrast it afforded to his own desolate state. The morning wore away in these sad contemplations, from which he was roused by a message from the house, saying that William Penn desired his presence. He obeyed with listless indifference, and walked into the usual sitting-room, where he was presented to the stately wife of the patriarch of Pennsylvania, who received him with kind civility.

"There is an old acquaintance of thine in the next apartment, friend Markham," said she, smiling, "who for aught I know thou mayest be pleased to see. Enter, and give her welcome to this new world."

A sudden ray of light flashed upon the mind of the young man, and with trembling impatience he

hurried into the apartment. It was Theodocia, the pulse of his heart, and in an instant their hearts were beating against each other. The gentle maiden shed tears of modest joy, and Markham's eyes overflowed in raptures. When they had subsided into the sober sense of happiness, he inquired into her past history. The father and daughter had been released by Squire Markham, as before related, on condition of quitting England for Ireland, and keeping their destination a profound secret; conditions to which the father assented in the spirit of paternal love, and the daughter from motives of filial duty. Otherwise George Fox would have made conditions with no man. The squire arranged the manner of their departure, which was conducted with such secrecy, that no one but those concerned, knew whither they went.

"Thou didst not obey my last command, didst thou, Edward?" said Theodocia, blushing and smiling. It would be blabbing ladies' secrets to tell how Edward answered this question.

The remainder of our tale is soon told. As soon as William Penn had wrought the conversion of friend Markham, and become satisfied that he

/

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

BY WILLIAM L. STOKER.

Give me these flowers there * * *

* * * * * Reverend sir,

For you there's rosemary and rue; these keep
 Seeming, and savory, all the winter long—
 Grace and remembrance to you both.

* * * * *

The marigold, that goes to bed with the sun,
 And with him rises weeping, * * *

* * * * * Daffodilles,

That come before the swallows dare; and take
 The wings of March with beauty, violets dim,
 But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes.

WINTER TALE.

PHILOLOGISTS have for ages bewildered themselves in search of the primitive language. As to its origin, the inquiry has long since been given up.

Theories have been accumulated upon theories, and systems formed upon systems, but all to no purpose. Like the hitherto fruitless inquiries into the origin of *evil*, ending in the single and lamentable facts,—that no *good* ever came of it,—and that, being in Paradise, Adam fell; so in regard to language, being in Paradise, Adam talked, and Eve, too, beyond a doubt, or her daughters are very unlike her. And yet, even in this most enlightened of all ages, past, present, or to come—notwithstanding the schoolmaster has been abroad so long—the question as to which language is entitled to the honour of primitive formation, is still open for discussion. The Israelite will affirm it to have been the Hebrew, inasmuch as that is the language of the holy writings. But the learned Brahmin will contest the honour for the Sanscrit; while the literati of the Celestial Empire will maintain, with equal pertinacity, that it was spoken by Confucius; and both can fortify their positions with earlier dates than the age of Moses, or even of Abraham. The small cluster of real Iberians, yet retaining their distinctive character in Spain, will declare that it was the

Basque. General Vallancy, the antiquarian, would assert, and prove by pages of argument, the Gælic to have been the original language, derived by the Irish from the Phœnicians. Zeisberger would probably claim the honour for the Delaware; while from his long residence among them, the excellent Heckewelder may have adopted opinions in favour of the Mohawk: and last, though not least, the intelligent inhabitants of Communipaw are understood unanimously to concur in the opinion of Van Gorp, that Adam and Eve sung their morning and evening hymns, and held their sweet colloquial intercourse, in low Dutch! (Ma conscience!!)

But I care not what was the language first SPOKEN,—whether it was either of those to which I have referred, or neither,—whether it was the Coptic, or the Berber of Mount Atlas, or the Chickasaw. It is quite evident to my mind, that neither men nor women could have talked until they knew how. Meanwhile, and before they could have invented the mechanical parts of language, or mastered their grammars, some method must have existed by which they could inter-

change ideas, communicate reciprocally their thoughts, and make known to each other their feelings, their wants, and their desires. Hence the language of signs and symbols—the representatives of objects and sounds—retained by the deaf and dumb to this day. Thus we hear of the “*language of the eyes*,” expressed more fully by the great English dramatist in *Troilus and Cressida*—“There’s language in her eye, her cheek, her lip, nay, her foot speaks.”

Still the question recurs, what was the primitive language, whether of signs or of emblems, since it could not well have been a language of letters? It must have been some process by which the eye operated upon the mind, and doubtless, very rapidly, or the primitive couple would have made slow work in telling long stories. I cannot admit the priority of the clumsy *ideographic* characters of the Chinese, or the awkward hieroglyphics of the Egyptians. The Mexican picture-writing answered a very good purpose among the subjects of Montezuma; but it has not yet been proved that Paradise was one of the countries desecrated by Fernando Cortes. There must, therefore, have

been some method of communicating perceptions, and making ideas pass from mind to mind, since Jemmy Thomson's conversion of *silence* into an *expressive* language, will only answer the purpose on special occasions, and among people accustomed to make a good deal of noise.

After due consideration of the subject, therefore, and taking Milton's description for my authority, as to what sort of a place the garden of Eden was, I have arrived at the conclusion, that the first understood language was that of the **FLOWERS**. Time immemorial in the east, the culture and appropriation of flowers, has entered into all their pleasures, their pastimes, and their religion. The bride at the altar, and the warrior in the triumphal procession, were crowned with flowers. Wreaths were twined by the hand of beauty, to grace victorious brows in their games; incense-breathing festoons were hung upon the altars of their divinities; while the victims for their sacrifices were decorated with chaplets and garlands. The reign of beauty was emphatically that of flowers; and when the most lovely pair in creation, all of a sudden found themselves in the midst of the most

ample and luxuriant flower-garden that ever bloomed beneath the eye of man, or scattered its dewy odours upon the air, what could have been more natural than that the happy and innocent couple, who had been placed there "to till and dress it," in waking the sweets, and calling forth the beauty of the countless blossoms blushing around them, should have fancied some peculiar expression in every flower, and bestowed upon each some definite signification.

Flowers are the alphabet of angels—whereby
They write on hills and fields mysterious truths,

says the poet; a fact which I cannot believe such bright and pure intelligences as Adam and Eve were slow to discover.

I think it was the celebrated Bishop Berkley, who, in a very ingenious treatise, has shown that colours are only a form of language, suggesting ideas to our minds, from the habits and associations of previous experience. If this be true, flowers must constitute a language, as well as the melting dyes of the rainbow, far more copious, from their

great variety; and equally beautiful, both from the richness and the delicacy of their hues. A language, too, particularly adapted to the eye of a woman, of all others the most susceptible of whatever is tender, beautiful, and expressive.

The first passion, moreover, felt in Eden, was love. It there existed, a holy delight, in all its tenderness, its purity, and its beauty; a sacred flame, kindled and hallowed in heaven. And where, in the ample volume of nature, could the primitive lovers have found more appropriate types and symbols for modesty and virtue to employ, in discoursing upon the exquisite passion, than in the goldyllocks, the ladies'-fingers, the honey-suckles, the marigolds, the lilies, and tulips, and jonquils, which were filling the air with their fragrance, and their eyes with images of joy and beauty. Nor would much time elapse before its copiousness would be extended from practice, and from the impulse of invention given by every new idea, or thought, or desire, to be expressed, and as new mental perceptions were presented, and fresh topics of inquiry and discussion arose between the parties. By the same process, the ordinary con-

versation of the day might be sustained with the sweetest artlessness, and the most commendable silence. Thus, when, according to the drama of Milton, our beauteous mother was resolved upon trying her own strength, and, contrary to the earnest and affectionate remonstrances of her lord,—for women, from the first, would always have their own way,—insisted on watering the geraniums, and twining the woodbines, in a far distant part of the garden, alone; after receiving his warm embrace, at the instant of separation, by placing in his hands a leaf of *rosemary*, she might say to him, pensively, though, inasmuch as she could not but feel that the experiment was somewhat hazardous, after all, “*Remember me.*” Adam, in return, by placing in her delicate hand a sprig of *weed-stock*, or a cluster of *cherry-blossoms*, would, at the same time, convey to her the gentle, though timely caution, “*Forget-me-not.*” Did she infer from the admonition, that Adam began to distrust her affection; by plucking, and presenting him a *white-rose* from the adjoining bush, she would impart the assurance, “*I love you*” still. So, after the failure of our frail mother to keep her

first estate, and she had yielded to the seductive arts of the serpent; on presenting the fatal apple to her husband, a bough of *basil* from him, as he sighed and shook his head, indicated his *displeasure*. Afterwards, 'in token of their *repentance*, both might have worn a few leaves of *rue*, or *herb of grace*, as it is sometimes called. And then, again, on their expulsion from their elysium, when the bitterness of grief for their loss had been assuaged by the bright promise of the future, an interchange of twigs of the *yew-tree*, spoke yet of their mutual happiness in each other, and of years of enjoyment to come. What a misfortune was it, by the way, that our good grandmother had not been in the corner of the garden allotted to the *vervain*, when the arch-fiend disclosed his beautiful folds, all glittering with scales of green and gold!

It is doing no violence to probabilities, to suppose, further, 'that as their sons and daughters grew up, this symbolic language was not only rapidly acquired, but assiduously cultivated and extended; so that when a gentle shepherd proposed himself to his lady-love, by placing a *white-rose* in her bosom, if she desired time for reflection, she might

present him with a bunch of white *china-asters*, as much as to say, "*I will think of it.*" Or, if the pastoral swain had been too late in his application, a handful of *dandelions* would tell him, "*You ask in vain, my heart is given.*" A *faithful* lover was complimented, in those days, by a tuft of *violets*;—a nosegay of *daisies* presented to a *dissembler*, would assure him that his true character had been discovered; while a *flatterer* would stand rebuked by the proffer of a bunch of *fennel*.

Thus was almost every plant and flower clothed with its emblematic signification; and, in their readings, were made as expressive as written language: a simple flower oft breathing a message of affection, which the tongue of diffidence could not have spoken; and the cypress branch, telling a tale of sorrow, which choked the utterance of the bruised spirit. How naturally and mournfully does the fair Ophelia, in the midst of her distraction, fall into the use of this sweet language! "There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; pray you, love, remember: and there's pansies, that's for thoughts. There's rue for you, and here's some for me: we may call it herb of grace, o' Sun-

days: you may wear your rue with a difference. There's a daisy: I would give you some violets, but they withered all, when my father died!" Thus, with the poor heart-broken damsel, was the ruling passion strong in death. She loved flowers—as all women of taste and sentiment, all who are capable of loving and deserving to be loved, do—before she loved Hamlet; and in the wildest wanderings of her mind, and the deepest anguish of her crushed spirit, she remembered, though incoherently, their beautifully expressive language.

“No marvel woman should love flowers; they bear
So much of fanciful similitude
To her own history; like herself, repaying
With such sweet interest all the cherishing
That calls their beauty or their sweetness forth;
And like her, too, dying beneath neglect.”

One cannot look closely at the structure of a flower, says an anonymous author, without loving it. “They are emblems and manifestations of God's love to the creation, and they are the means

and ministrations of man's love to his fellow-creatures; for they first awaken in the mind a sense of the beautiful and the good. They are the teachers of gentle thoughts, and of kindly emotions." Hence, especially among the orientals, from the days when Eden first bloomed in its loveliness and beauty, the language for which I am contending has ever been that of love and sentiment. It was the language of lovers in the splendid court of Solomon, and in the magnificent palaces and gardens of Haroun al Raschid. It is the sentimental language of the Turks; moody, cold, and phlegmatic as the Franks choose to paint them now. Hence the taste and the care with which flower-gardens, the most beautiful leaves in nature's book of instruction, have ever been cultivated "in those delightful regions of the sun," ever since our industrious first parents set the example. How lovely must Eve have looked among those elements of beauty, the jonquils, the hyacinths, and the roses! and how natural, ever afterwards, the association between beautiful women, and those sweet letters "in the alphabet of visible gracefulness"—causing both to be cherished

with equal tenderness and regard, as objects of pleasure and delight; created, not to partake of the cares of life, but to embellish, and refine, and add to its enjoyments the dignity of moral beauty.

In architecture, too, has not the language of flowers raised a monument of "affection enduring after death," which has been sculptured in ten thousand columns of marble, and which will be perpetuated wherever taste and genius bid her most costly works arise! When the sculptor's eye saw, in the beautiful tradition, the *acanthus*' leaves, which mourning love had planted over the dead, clustering in eloquent sorrow above the stone, and embodied the resemblance in the inimitable capital of the *corinthian column*, the richest, the most delicate, the most admired ornament which imagination ever pressed into the service of society, the seal of immortality was placed upon this as one of the dialects of the arts.

But, however sweet, and peaceful, and passionless, in appearance, flowers have not always been used as the language of innocence, or of Cupid; and Bellona herself has, in at least one instance, thrown aside her toreh, to use with treacherous

intent, the beautiful emblems which I have been aiming to illustrate. A little fragment of romantic history will inform the reader how, and for what purpose, the sister of Mars became a dissembler, by endeavouring to speak in a language which none of her family have any right to appropriate.

It was in the spring of 1777, that the veteran Putnam—a brave, bluff old soldier, who two years before had been transferred from the tail of his plough to a high post in the continental army—was first in command of the highland pass of the Hudson. That year was one of signal importance in the annals of the American revolution. The mother country had determined upon a more vigorous effort to subjugate her refractory colonies, than had yet been put forth since the commencement of hostilities; and campaigns were projected upon a broader scale of action than had before been deemed necessary, in order to the ultimate and even speedy success of the British arms. To this end a powerful blow was to be struck at the north, by the army of the gallant and accomplished Burgoyne; the most brilliant and formidable expedition that had taken the field in America since

the invasion of Canada by Sir Jeffrey Amherst. Simultaneously with this movement from that direction, it was resolved to detach Sir William Howe, with a large division of the British army from New-York, against Philadelphia, by way of the Chesapeake, for the double purpose of seizing upon the commercial capital of Pennsylvania, then the seat of the American Congress, and of diverting the attention of the American commander-in-chief from the advance of Burgoyne—the vaunting soldier who had boasted that he could march through the whole Union with an army of five or ten thousand men. Not anticipating any serious impediment to his descent upon Albany, another part of the design contemplated the dislodgment of the Americans from their fortresses in the highlands, and the subjugation of all their works along the river, that the navigation to Albany might be unobstructed; thus, either to enable Sir Harry Clinton to meet the expected conqueror of the north in the old Dutch capital, if the business upon his hands should require a greater force in that quarter, or to allow General Burgoyne an undisputed and triumphant descent of

the Hudson, as the case might be. Such, in brief terms, were the leading features of the British campaigns, as they were concerted for the summer of 1777; and, it may well be supposed that the treason of Arnold was not an incident of the first attempt made by the British commanders in New York, to obtain information as to the localities, and the strength of West Point, and the other fortifications among the mountains of that celebrated pass.

New York being in possession of the British, and the highlands of the American troops, the intermediate portion of Westchester county was known as "the neutral ground," being in actual possession of neither party, and yet subject to the incursions of marauders from both. Early in the month of June, while preparations for the movements already indicated were actively making, the attention of some of the lower outposts of the Americans in Westchester was repeatedly arrested by the equestrian exercises of a lady "from below," who rode with the spirit of Zenobia,—the beautiful and brave captive queen of Palmyra, who, in chains of gold, was made to grace one of the triumphs of Aurelian,—and the matchless

grace of the Maid of Orleans, a noble animal, elegantly caparisoned, carrying himself with a gait as lofty as though he scorned the earth on which he deigned to tread. Not, however, that the lady was alone, since she was always attended, sometimes by one, but oftener by two or three gay cavaliers, from their port and bearing evidently officers, and all mounted upon chargers fleet as the wind. The little party were often observed galloping over the hills and dales, in different neighbourhoods; sometimes in Tarrytown, and at others, in Rye and Mamaroneck; and those of the inhabitants who occasionally saw them pass along the high-ways and by-ways—their proud steeds now “telling their steps with gentle majesty,” and now bounding imperiously, showing “with glittering eye and nostrils drinking the air, hot courage and high desire,”—reported the lady to be young, and of surpassing beauty. At times, as from their frequent expeditions they became more intimately acquainted with the country, they grew more familiar; approaching, by degrees, nearer to some of the American outposts, and lingering about the lines longer than they were wont; until, at length,

some of the officers of the latter began to think of making a pretty captive; under the impression, no doubt, that an officer or two of rank might perchance be captured with her. But the horses of our officers were no match for the blooded coursers of the mysterious equestrians, who approached, or galloped away from the American lines, as best suited their convenience or their caprice.

But good swimmers are drowned at last, says the proverb, and the dashing strangers were also caught at last. Waxing, apparently, bolder by their previous successes in flight, the fair reconnoiterer with her gallants ultimately threw themselves into a position in one of the glens of the Croton river, by reason of which a patrol of light-horsemen were enabled to cut off their retreat, and succeeded as Pat took the corporal's guard, in making them all prisoners, by surrounding them. The heroine, though evidently young, bore the reverse of fortune with commendable philosophy; and her two squires in attendance, being soldiers, could of course do no less. She was indeed very beautiful; but "the spoils" did not in all cases "belong to the victors," in those days of unsophis-

ticated patriotism; and as the lady entreated that she might be taken to head-quarters, to "her dear friend General Putnam," as she styled him, the captors could not be so ungallant as to deny the request. Even republicans acknowledge what Junius calls the divine right of beauty; and a pretty woman is a tyrant which no American soldier feels authorized to resist.

On her arrival at West Point, it was found to be indeed true that the veteran commander of the fortress, the ruins of which yet bear his own name, was the acquaintance and friend of the handsome captive, who was no other than the celebrated Margaret Moncrieffe, daughter of Major Moncrieffe, an accomplished officer in the British service. Major Moncrieffe had been successively in the staff of Generals Monckton and Gage, and also of Sir Jeffrey, afterwards Lord Amherst. The heroine of my tale was the daughter of Moncrieffe's first wife, by whom she had been left an orphan in tender infancy. Her father had married as his second wife, a sister of Governor Livingston, of New Jersey, but she had soon deceased; and the Major himself, having a third wife, was now

attached to the military family of Lord Percy, the late Duke of Northumberland, whose timely assistance secured the retreat of the discomfited Britons from Lexington.

At the breaking out of hostilities, Miss Moncrieffe was residing with the friends of her late step-mother, at Elizabethtown, and her father was yet in the staff of General Gage, in Boston; and as he was an exceedingly active, and very accomplished officer, who, notwithstanding his American associations, was understood to be an ultra-royalist, his daughter was of course attached, from sympathy and affection, if not from the convictions of her own judgment, to the cause of the king. She was consequently eyed with jealousy, and treated with perhaps unnecessary, if not undeserved harshness by her friends in New Jersey; but, when General Putnam assumed the command in New York, (between whom and her father there had, during the then recent French war, existed some little intercourse,) she sought refuge, and found protection under his roof in that city. Mrs. Putnam and her daughters treated her with the affectionate tenderness of a child and sister. There

were some circumstances in the case of the young lady, which caused General Washington to regard her with distrust. Her father was in the ranks of the foe, an active and skilful officer, and a very able engineer; and it was said that she herself, among her other high accomplishments, had received a scientific education, and was well instructed in military and architectural drawing. Washington, therefore, thought it imprudent to retain her as an inmate in the family of an American general; and it has been said that he, at one time, seriously meditated keeping her as an hostage for the good conduct of her father. But, although from the American connexions of Major Moncrieffe, and from the efforts that had been unsuccessfully made to win him over from the royal cause, it may well be supposed that he was regarded with no special cordiality by the American commander-in-chief, yet the idea of the existence of any such design is not to be entertained for an instant.

On the approach of General Howe to New York, with the British forces from Boston, Miss Moncrieffe was removed to Kingsbridge, where

she remained for a considerable period in the family of General Mifflin, by whom, and his lady, she was also treated with kindness and respect. While residing at this place, she enjoyed the privilege of occasional excursions farther into the country; thus making herself acquainted with the localities of Westchester, which were not without advantage in the subsequent field-sports, in which I have already described her as engaging, once too often, as her captors supposed, at least for herself. This, however, by the way. After Sir William Howe had taken possession of New York, General Putnam obtained the permission of his superior to send Miss Moncrieffe to her father, who had then been appointed major of brigade, to the division of Lord Cornwallis. She was despatched with a flag of truce, under the charge of General Knox, and was joyfully received by her parent, who soon afterwards, during the quiet occupancy of the city by the troops of his majesty, took up his residence in his own house in Broadway.

From the day of Miss Moncrieffe's departure from Kingsbridge, to receive a parent's fond

embrace, General Putnam had neither seen nor heard of her, until she was brought to the fortress a prisoner, under the circumstances already related. The recognition was instantaneous and mutual; and the veteran general received her more like a long absent daughter than a captive. I have repeatedly spoken of her beauty. It was indeed extraordinary. All eyes were riveted upon her, as she passed the encampment on the plain of the Point, and ascended to the mountain fortress, the citadel of the highlands; and the young officers were immediately up to their ears in love with the fair creature. She was not twenty, and was in the full bloom of youth, health, and beauty; her step was elastic, and her form all symmetry and grace. Her countenance beamed with intelligence and vivacity. Her forehead was fair, and her eyebrows resembled delicate pencilings upon Parian marble. Her jet-black eyes rolled sparkling in liquid light. Her cheeks, blushing like the rose, and possibly heightened in colour by the exertion of climbing the mountain to the garrison, vied with the yet deeper tint of her lip, turned with the most delicate outline.

And then her dark glossy hair, waving in clusters over her neck and bosom. Her voice was music itself, and her bright and dimpled smiles absolute witchery. In one word, as Dryden—"glorious John"—would have said,

"Her eyes, her lips, her cheeks, her shape, her features,
Seemed drawn by love's own hand."

Such was the beautiful apparition at the fortress in the character of a prisoner. It would be quite unnecessary to add, that every possible attention, and every proper indulgence was extended to the young lady, so suddenly and romantically introduced into their circle, and whose presence was so welcome. But this was not all; the officers of rank, and of the first families, were ambitious to study her wishes, and make themselves slaves in contributing to her comfort, while at the same time the beautiful girl was treated with as much kindness by the little community of ladies on the station, as though all their own personal attractions had not been amazingly obscured, if not totally eclipsed, in the brighter glow of her

superlative charms. Among the young officers who were admitted to her society, were the accomplished aids-de-camp of the commanding general, one of whom was Colonel Burr, of New York, although he was absent from the post at the time of her capture; Colonel Brooks, of Massachusetts, and Colonel Hamilton, than either of whom, none were more gallant or accomplished, whether in the drawing-room or the field. Others, also, whose names, like those just cited, have subsequently filled a large space in their country's history, strove to render themselves agreeable to the fascinating captive, among whom was the illustrious Kosciusko, and with whom, to appear interesting to the ladies, was a passion.

Several days intervened, perhaps a fortnight, after the capture of Miss Monorieffe, before General Putnam had occasion to despatch a flag to New York, and at the departure of the officer, the young lady affected a strong desire to be allowed to accompany him. But the general was too much of a yankee to lose so fine a chance of driving a bargain, and making something extra by the exchange of the officers taken in her attendance,

for which reason she was yet detained. Her request to write to her friends was also denied; for although not the slightest suspicion was harboured as to any improper motive on the part of an artless, though accomplished, and manifestly well-educated young woman, yet the watchfulness of military usage must be observed with indiscriminate exactness. She yielded, therefore, to the force of circumstances, with a much better grace than most females would have done. As the officer was turning upon his heel to depart, however, she begged of him to obtain the permission of Sir Harry Clinton to call at her father's house, and bring along her guitar, and a box of water-colours, with her pencils; at the same time, and as if by a sudden thought, pulling off one of her pretty slippers, and telling the messenger, playfully, that by exhibiting that token to the family, it would be recognized, and the articles desired sent in return; although the good general would not allow her to write for them, lest treason might lurk in her crow-quill. It was not, of course, suspected that a slip of paper might have been concealed within the

lining of a lady's slipper, taken thus accidentally from such a beautifully turned foot, any more than it was imagined that a reply might have been breathed back through the medium of a guitar thus sent for;—suffice it to say, that the instrument and the paints were both received by the return of the flag; and sweetly did she play on the one, and mingle and spread the colours of the other.

But the exchange of the prisoners was not as readily agreed upon as might have been anticipated. Difficulties were interposed by the British general, occasioning considerable delay; meanwhile the charming captive was doomed to remain some two or three weeks longer under the protection of American gallants. She was most agreeably entertained, however, and her time pleasantly occupied, either with her guitar, her pencil, or the company of the gay cavaliers of the army. The old general, also, in his own plain, blunt way, contributed all in his power to meliorate her captivity. His language was quite unpolished, and a lisp in his utterance deprived it, apparently, of

much of the real eloquence and strength which it possessed; but his conversations were marked by a vigorous understanding, and sound sense.

Miss Moncrieffe was fond of exercise, and with a firm and sure foot, she would climb the rocks and precipices like a mountain goat. She had an eye for the picturesque, and in the rambles which she took with little parties arranged for her pleasure, there was not a mountain summit in the neighbourhood, that she did not scale, nor a valley nor glen, that she did not explore. And both from the crest of the Crow's Nest, and the yet loftier brow of the Fishkill Mountain, she had ample opportunities of gazing, to her heart's content, upon the wild and magnificent scenery of that romantic region—mountain, crag, and glen—and the glorious Hudson, rolling onward to the ocean through the deep gulf below. Ever ready with her pencil, but a moment was necessary to sketch a landscape from every point where a new view was presented to her admiring vision. The fair one was a botanist, too, gathering and studying every wild-flower she saw, and carefully pre-

serving every new plant for the leaves of an herbarium.

Thus the time passed pleasantly away, the beautiful captive contributing her full proportion to the social enjoyments of the post—now climbing a mountain like a chamois; now passing an hour in the cool of the evening with a select circle in Kosciusko's garden, fronting the grotto beneath the beetling brow of the Point; and now dancing in a pleasure-boat, light as a Venetian gondola, upon the moon-lit bosom of the Hudson, joining the silver tones of her own sweet voice in the song, or accompanying it on the guitar. Not a few of her leisure hours, moreover, were spent in painting flowers; an amusement of which she was not only particularly fond, but to which she was assiduously devoted; and in the execution of which she was a remarkable proficient.

The conversation having turned upon the subject of painting, one morning, and some one of the breakfast circle having complimented her upon her uncommon industry with her pencil, the old general expressed a desire to see some specimens

of her skill in the divine art, and of which he heard such warm commendations. Accordingly, at the next visit she made to his apartment, she brought along a variety of pieces, which he examined with unfeigned admiration. After glancing from one to another, for a moment, the veteran broke out with his usual preliminary exclamation :

“Odds curses ! Miss Moncrieffe, you paint a-most equal to natur, and indeed I don’t know but yours are better than the ra-al flowers !”

“No, general, you flatter me. I succeed with single flowers, sometimes, tolerably well ; but I don’t get along in tying up bouquets, on paper, to my liking. I have been trying my hand at grouping flowers this morning, by disposing some clusters in various parts of the landscape of the parade-ground, which you saw me sketching from the parapet the other day.”

“Upon my word, but they are prodigious handsome though,” exclaimed the veteran. “Them pond-lilies and bull-flags look as natural as in the swamps of Pomfret.”

“Yes : I have always admired the white water-

lily for its purity, of which it is the emblem. The virgin was often painted by the old masters, with one of these flowers in her hand. Indeed the whole lily family are beautiful—yellow, orange-colour, and white, and even the coarser tiger-lily is a splendid flower.”

“Odds curses! but I should have liked the lily better, had it not been for the blasted Frenchmen, among the Indians up there on the Canada line. While I was a prisoner at Montreal, before Amherst’s expedition, the French officers were always boasting about the lilies of France, and the flower-de-luce’s, as I think they called them.”

“The flower-de-luce, or fleur-de-lis, general, I presume you heard the French speaking of. This, in heraldry, is the bearing representing the lily, the queen of flowers, and the emblem of majesty. It belongs to the arms of France, and the lily has always been the emblem of the Bourbons. These bull-flags, as you call them, I have painted from a cluster gathered by us, the other day, at the top of the cove, above the Point, where they are erecting the quarters for General Washington. It is more

properly called the iris, than the flower-de-luce, but I think it a pretty flower, in all its varieties, except the dull, forsaken blue."

"And what you have said, Miss, accounts for the lingo about lilies, that I was speaking of,—but pray tell me what is that grand-looking streaked flower, standing like a little cup, by itself, there?"

"That is a tulip, or rather what I intended for one; but it's painted altogether from memory, as I have not seen one since I left England."

"Odds curses! but it's ra-al splendid!"

"I have always admired the tulip exceedingly. My father has told me that within the last hundred years, such was the rage for these flowers, that a choice root, bearing a single blossom, would bring two thousand dollars. The Turks and the Dutch have been celebrated for their tulips, and I could almost love even a Dutchman, for his love of that flower."

"But are you really so fond of flowers as you tell for, Miss?"

"Indeed I am: I have heard it said that the stars are the flowers of heaven, and why not call flowers the stars of earth. O how I should admire

to visit the gardens of Holland, and of the Sultan's harem, in the 'season of tulips! It is said that nothing can equal the magnificence of those gardens, when covered with the innumerable varieties of these flowers. I wish Dr. Darwin would make haste with the poem which he is preparing to publish, on the loves of the plants and flowers."

"The loves of onions and turnips, as much! But there, Miss, I see you have been painting some of them yaller flowers, which you brought down from Butterhill the other day."

"That was the mountain ranunculus, general; a very beautiful flower, somewhat resembling in its form the anemone; a flower that is much valued in England, and of which I have been told my mother was very fond. I think it is a lovely flower, though Pliny was mistaken in saying that it never opens its petals, but when the wind blows."

"Upon my word, you've given it a mighty fine name. I would think no more of it than of a dandelion in the meadow."

"Which is a very pretty flower, too. But, general, how do you like that passion-flower? How

accurately the circles are delineated upon the petals, and how prettily the stamens surround the pistils. The calyx, you will perceive——”

“It’s all French and Mohawk to me, Miss Margery. I know nothing about calyxes or pistols, except those in my holsters!”

“But have you never studied botany, my dear general? You know not, then, how much pleasure you have——”

“No, no, not I. But the gals get down their books now and then, and talk over their calyxes and other gibberish.”

“Still, you are fond of flowers, though—I know you are. So much kindness of——”

“Yes: my old lady and her darters always insist upon having a flower-bed in the garden at Pomfret, although there are rose-bushes all along the fence, and on both sides of the door. Roses, pinks, hollyhocks, marigolds, and sweet-williamses, poppies, and sun-flowers, are all there: and they are all that I know, or care much about.”

“But, in your rambles in the woods after the French and Indians, in the last war, I suppose

you must have met with many beautiful wild-flowers?"

"If I did, Miss Margery, Rogers and I had always too much business on hand to allow us to stop and look after them. Them plaguey Iroquois made sharp work of it for our rangers, I calculate; no time for looking after thistle-blows and daisies, with them varmints at your heels, making us jump every now and then with their war-whoops."

"Not very agreeable botanizing, I should think. How do you like that single flower, general? Isn't it odd?"

"I took it for a bell-lily; such as we have in the Connecticut meadows."

"No: it's the *amaryllis formosissima*, and discloses one of the most beautiful examples of *art* in the vegetable economy."

"And those pert, forward-looking white flowers, in that other bunch—what *sissimas* are they?"

"That is the narcissus; named after the stupid fellow, who, as the poets tell us, fell in love with his own pretty face, when he saw it once in the water. I always hated the narcissus; it resembles

so much an impudent, conceited coxcomb. But look here, general; I found a botanical treasure this morning, on the other side of the river, in the Cold Spring woods."

"What; those ugly, spiked-looking blossoms!"

"Don't call them ugly, general. It is the *vervain*, which was sacred among the Greeks and Romans, and the druids of Britain also. All their temples and sacrifices were sanctified with it, and no incantation or lustration was perfect without it."

"Poh, poh, how you rattle on; but we've millions of them in the woods, and if they will sanctify anything, I wish the skin of Joe Brandt and his Mohawks might be rubbed over with it. We've heard that he is making bad work in the back settlements."

"And then, again, my dear general, the *vervain* was reckoned good to charm away evil spirits. The druids used it for that. I once heard an old woman in Scotland sing a ballad, how that when once on a time the devil, in the shape of a handsome cavalier, undertook to seduce a beautiful girl, she discovered his cloven foot by means of this

sacred plant; and such was old Brimstone's repugnance to it, that he cleared out into Ireland, forthwith."

"Then I guess, Miss Moncrieffe, that you had best keep a sprig of it by you, when that young aid of mine comes back to the post. Odds curses! but he plays the mischief with the young wenches, wherever he goes. His eyes are as light as a black-snake's; and he's the handsomest little piece of flesh and blood in the army. But I forget. I believe you saw my spruce little colonel, at General Mifflin's?"

"Yes, sir,—I had the pleasure of meeting him several times, while we were out at Kingsbridge, and I do think him one of the most elegant and fascinating young gentleman whom I ever saw. But did your daughters never study the language of flowers, general? I think both the girls and Mrs. Putnam would have liked such a study better than making up soldiers' shirts and other garments, as they were employed when I first had the happiness of an admittance into your family circle in New York."

"Ah, I see, Miss Margery, you wish to turn the

conversation from my macaroni of an aid. About the soldiers' shirts and trousers though, you may see in that very circumstance, that your father, the king, Lord North, and the devil, are fighting in vain. When the women get their dander up, in this way, making soldiers' shirts and trousers with their own fingers, and stripping off their flannel petticoats to make cartridges, it's all up with those who oppose us. There's no mistake in the matter now; and if our continental boys should quit the field to-morrow, the women would take their places."

"But, general, I'd much rather talk about flowers. I was telling you of the amusement of studying their language——"

"The language of flowers! That comes of going to a boarding-school, and getting one's head turned with reading novels. Sharp talk, I s'pose, between Canada thistles and blackberry briars. But what is it?"

"Why, it's just the sweetest language in the world. We use them as symbols; giving different significations to different flowers, and combining them so as not only to express single ideas, but

connected thoughts. How sweetly Shakspeare introduces this beautiful language of the imagination, and of love?"

"I never read any of your stage-plays. But pray tell me, how could you manage to speak with flowers?"

"Why, for instance, suppose the gallant colonel, of whom you spoke just now, should make an honourable advance to one of your daughters, and she took a fancy to him,—by handing him *a rose without thorns*, without speaking a word, she would say to him, '*you may hope for everything.*' But suppose, on the other hand, that she had plighted her love to Colonel Brooks,—by giving him a *rose without leaves*, it would be as much as to say, '*you hope for nothing,*' and may as well go drown yourself.—So you per——"

"Odds curses, here he comes!"

At this moment, the somewhat protracted conversation between the worthy general and his popular captive, was interrupted by the entrance of the accomplished member of his military family, of whom they had been speaking, and who had just returned from a distant service. Having briefly

reported himself to his commander, he turned to the lady, who coloured at his easy and elegant salutations, and was silent.

“Look here, colonel,” said the veteran, after the ordinary inquiries and compliments were over; “see what a charming collection of flowers Miss Moncrieffe has been showing me, and of her own painting, too.”

“They are indeed very beautiful,” replied the colonel. “I declare, Miss Moncrieffe, I think you might have stood in the place of the Queen of Sheba, when she so greatly puzzled Solomon with her artificial roses, that he could only decide which were the real ones, after letting the bees in at the window, and seeing upon which they would alight.”

“You are quite complimentary this morning, colonel. But I must return to my apartment”—saying this, she began gathering up her drawings to retire.

“One moment,” replied the colonel, fixing his attention upon the large sheet containing the flowery landscape heretofore spoken of; “that is indeed a beautiful piece; the flowers are so ex-

quisitely drawn and finished, that they would have answered for the poetical garland of the beautiful Julia d'Argennes—the lady who would love none other than Gustavus of Sweden—presented to her after the death of that monarch, by the Duke de Montausier, and which was afterwards sold for fifteen thousand livres. I cannot pay so much, Miss Moncrieffe; but pray what are your terms for it?"

"Oh, Colonel Burr," she rejoined, with some slight agitation of manner, which the General did not observe,—“it's a mere—it's only a hasty—a few groupings of flowers in a landscape, by way of trying my skill.”

“And you are very skilful, indeed, Miss Moncrieffe,” replied the colonel, as he cast a searching glance upon the lady. “There is mystery, if not a madrigal, under every one of your sweet peonies and roses; and although I do not want it for the Duke de Valiere's library, yet I must have those flowers at any price.” Saying which, though with less courtesy than usually marked his demeanour to the fair, the colonel took the sheet—it was a large scroll of drawing paper—and began rolling it up.

"Why, surely, sir," said the lady, in a tone of earnest remonstrance—"surely you would not—"

"Oh, colonel," interposed the general, "if the young lady don't wish to part with them, you——"

"Pardon me for one moment, general," said the now increasingly earnest officer. "Will Miss Moncrieffe be so obliging as to name her price for these flowers?"

He spoke with decision. Their eyes met, and the look interchanged was sufficient. The beautiful and innocent captive saw at a glance, that she was detected, and that the "language of flowers" was understood by at least one officer on the post, if not by the commanding general.

"My price," she replied instantly, and with great self-possession, "**IS MY IMMEDIATE RELEASE, AND SAFE CONDUCT TO NEW YORK!**"

"It shall be paid, with the general's permission," replied the gallant colonel,—and Miss Moncrieffe retired. The old general looked quite amazed at this closing scene of the interview; and the colonel promised him an explanation afterwards. The beautiful prisoner was speedily on her way homeward, under charge of more watchful

attendants than she had anticipated when she brushed the poppies from her dark silken eyelashes in the morning.

The residue of my story is soon told. From the previous residence of Miss Moncrieffe in the general's family, and their consequent acquaintance, charmed with her agreeable conversation, her sprightly manners, and her accomplishments, the veteran, since her arrival at the fortress as a prisoner, had looked upon, and treated her more like a daughter than a stranger, much less a captive. Nor had a suspicion flitted across the minds of any, that she could have been thrown among them by design, and for purposes of treason, until the eagle-eyes of the general's favourite aid fell upon the flowery landscape, as just related. In a twinkling he saw its design, rendered the more evident by a still closer scrutiny. It has been already mentioned, that, schooled by her father, Miss Moncrieffe had been instructed in the science of engineering, and was a proficient in architectural drawing; and it now appeared, that under the guise of vines and flowers, variously disposed in a landscape, she had drawn with consummate

art, a perfect map of the post, delineating the position alike of the main fortress and its outworks; and, indeed, affording all necessary information to an assaulting foe, of the defences of this western Thermopylæ, and the points of approach.

The after history of this celebrated woman—for she is no fictitious personage—is equally melancholy and painful. She is believed really and truly to have fallen deeply in love with the colonel in General Putnam's staff, so often mentioned in the course of the last few pages; and who was, even then, celebrated alike for the splendour of his talents, the elegance of his person, and the grace of his manners. The father of Miss Moncrieffe, however, from the love of money, compelled her to marry, in the same year of which we have been writing, an Irish officer by the name of Coghlan, whom from the first she disliked, and soon most cordially hated. The marriage ceremony was the last performed by the late Rev. Dr. Auchmuty, of Trinity Church in New York. On returning to Europe with her husband, by whom she was unkindly treated, she abandoned him, and became a courtesan, celebrated for her licentiousness and

her beauty, her wit and her extravagance. She was successively the mistress of several noblemen, among whom was the late Duke of York ; but, in the end, abandoned by all her paramours, she sunk into the most pitiable condition of poverty and wretchedness. In her distress she appealed, though in vain, to those who had courted her society in the days of her affluence, while her "sin" was "plated with gold." And thus, when yet almost in the prime of life, she was left to illustrate the truth of the beautiful lines of Fredolfo:—

" Beauty hath no lustre,
Save when it gleameth through the crystal web
That purity's fine fingers weave for it."

At the close of the war of the revolution, Major Moncrieffe settled in New York ; but amidst all the scenes of dissipation and iniquity which marked her profligate life, Mrs. Coghlan seems to have cherished a strong attachment for her father, from whom, however, she was of course estranged. In December, 1791, she

dreamed of witnessing her father's funeral procession, and that a bleeding heart was placed upon the coffin. So strong was the impression upon her mind that the vision was true, that she went into deep mourning on the occasion, although her father was living in America—she living in London. The coincidence will be deemed extraordinary, but it is said to be no less true than strange, that her fatal apprehensions were realized. Major Moncrieffe died, in the city of New York, on the 10th of December, 1791, from the bursting of a blood-vessel of the heart.

AN UNWRITTEN DRAMA OF LORD
BYRON.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

THE reading world has, I apprehend, by this time become possessed of nearly every scrap of poetry and romance ever written by Lord Byron. It may be pleased, however, to know something of a dramatic poem which he did not write, but which he projected—and this is the story:—

The hero, whom we will call Alfonso, is a Spanish nobleman, just entering upon the career of life. His passions, from early and unrestrained indulgence, have become impetuous and ungovern-

able, and he follows their impulses with a wild and heedless disregard of consequences.

Soon after his entrance into the world, he finds himself followed, occasionally, in public places, by a person masked and muffled up so as to conceal both countenance and figure. He at first pays but little attention to the circumstance, considering the stranger some idle or impertinent loungeur about society. By degrees, however, the frequent intrusion of this silent and observant follower becomes extremely irksome. The mystery, too, which envelopes him, heightens the annoyance. Alfonso is unable to identify him with any of his acquaintance,—his name, his country, his place of abode; all are unknown,—and it is impossible even to conjecture his motives for this singular espionage. It is carried, by degrees, to such lengths, that he becomes, as it were, Alfonso's shadow—his second self. Not only the most private actions of the latter pass under the scrutiny of this officious monitor, but his most secret thoughts seem known to him. Speak of him, he stands by his side; think of him, he feels his presence, though invisible, oppress and weigh upon his spirits, like a

troubled atmosphere. Waking or sleeping, Alfonso has him in thought or in view. He crosses his path at every turn; like the demon in Faust, he intrudes in his solitude. He follows him in the crowded street, or the brilliant saloon; thwarting his schemes, and marring all his intrigues of love or of ambition. In the giddy mazes of the dance, in which Alfonso is addressing his fair partner with the honeyed words of seduction, he sees the stranger pass like a shadow before him; a voice, like the voice of his own soul, whispers in his ear; the words of seduction die from his lips; he no longer hears the music of the dance.

The hero of the drama becomes abstracted and gloomy. Youth, health, wealth, power—all that promised to give a zest to life, have lost their charm. The sweetest cup of pleasure becomes poison to him. Existence is a burthen. To add to his despair, he doubts the fidelity of the fair but frail object of his affection; and suspects the unknown to have supplanted him in her thoughts.

Alfonso now thirsts only for vengeance, but the mysterious stranger eludes his pursuit, and his

emissaries in vain endeavour to discover his retreat. At length he succeeds in tracing him to the house of his mistress, and attacks him with the fury of frantic jealousy, taxes him with his wrongs, and demands *satisfaction*. They fight; his rival scarcely defends himself; at the first thrust he receives the sword of Alfonso in his bosom; and in falling, exclaims, "Are you satisfied!"

The mask and mantle of the unknown drop off, and Alfonso discovers his own image—the spectre of himself—he dies with horror!

The spectre is an allegorical being, the personification of conscience, or of the passions.

Such was the general plan of a poem which Lord Byron had in mind, several years since; and which he communicated, in conversation, to Captain Medwin, from whom I received it nearly in the foregoing words. The idea was taken from a Spanish play, called the *Embozado*, or the *Encapotado*,* and was furnished to Byron by Shelley, as his Lordship did not understand Spanish. The

* I. E. A person muffled and disguised.

foregoing plan is evidently somewhat vague and immature, and would doubtless have undergone many modifications in the progress of being brought out. Lord Byron intended to treat it in the genuine spirit of Goethe, as displayed in his wild and extraordinary drama of Faust, and expected to make it very effective. It certainly afforded ample scope for the mystic, the misanthropic, the metaphysical, and the romantic, in which he so much delighted; and would have given him an opportunity of interweaving much of his own peculiar feelings and experience.

How far the plan he had in view agreed with the Spanish original, I have not been able to ascertain. The latter was said to be by Calderon; but it is not to be found in any edition of his works that I have seen. My curiosity being awakened on the subject, I made diligent inquiry, while in Spain, for the play in question, but it was not to be met with in any of the public libraries, or private collections; nor could the booksellers give me any information about it. Some of the most learned and indefatigable collectors of Spanish literature informed me that a play of the kind,

called the *Embozado of Cordova*, was somewhere in existence, but they had never seen it. The foregoing sketch of the plot may hereafter suggest a rich theme to a poet or dramatist of the Byron school.

GOOD AND EVIL.

BY S. G. GOODRICH.

WHEN man from Paradise was driven,
And thorns around his pathway sprung,
Sweet Mercy wand'ring there from Heaven,
Upon those thorns bright roses flung.

Aye, and as Justice cursed the ground,
She stole behind, unheard, unseen ;
And while the curses fell around,
She scatter'd seeds of joy between.

And thus, as evils sprung to light
And spread, like weeds, their poisons wide,



THE TWO WARRIORS

Painted by the Author of the

2000

Fresh healing plants came blooming bright,
And stood, to check them, side by side.

And now, though Eden blooms afar,
And man is exiled from its bowers,
Still Mercy steals through bolt and bar,
And brings away its choicest flowers.

The very toil, the thorns of care,
That heaven in wrath for sin imposes,
By Mercy changed, no curses are—
One brings us rest, the other roses.

Thus joy is link'd with every wo—
Each cup of ill its pleasure brings;
Although the rose is crush'd, you know,
The sweeter fragrance from it springs.

If Justice throw athwart our way,
A deepening eve of fear and sorrow—
Hope, like the moon, reflects the ray
Of that bright sun that shines to-morrow.

And Mercy gilds with stars the night;
Sweet music plays through weeping willows;

The blackest cave with gems is bright,
And pearls illumine the ocean billows.

The very grave, though clouds may rise
And shroud it o'er with midnight gloom,
Unfolds to faith the deep blue skies,
That glorious shine beyond the tomb.

THE WIFE'S SONG ON THE NEW YEAR.

BY EMMA C. EMBURY.

"Since my first days of passion, grief, or pain,
Perchance my heart and harp have lost a string,
And both may jar:—it may be that in vain
I would essay as I have sung to sing."

CHILDE HAROLD.

MY harp has lost no string, love, but rust is on its
chords,
And when I seek its melody, no music it affords;
It has alone a single tone, and that is like the
dove's,
It will not wake to any touch, unless the hand be
love's.

My harp has lost no string, love, but still its voice
is mute :—

And said I *rust* was on the chords of my neglected
lute ?

Ah, no ! 'tis but the rosy wreaths that happiness
has hung

Too thickly o'er it, which have thus the chain of
silence flung.

My harp has lost no string, love, but ever in mine ear
The voice of calm contentment breathes a melody
more dear ;

And I forget the witching tales that poesy once told,
While listening to the sweeter ones that *truth* can
now unfold.

My *heart* has lost no string, love, for thou hast
watch'd it well,—

Thy gentle hand has guarded it from sorrow's
wasting spell ;

And lightly do its chords reply to every impulse
now—

Aye, far more lightly than when youth was written
on my brow.

THE WIFE'S SONG ON THE NEW YEAR. 177

My heart has lost no string, love, it bounds thy
voice to meet,
And vibrates as exultingly thy coming step to
greet,
As when in girlhood's sunny hour, it gave itself to
thee,
And poured in strains unskill'd and rude its deep
idolatry.

My heart has lost no string, love, though some-
times it may jar—
The harmonies of life too oft a careless touch may
mar;
But when attuned by thy dear hand, not one dis-
cordant tone
Breaks the full tide of grateful song it breathes for
thee alone.

And yet in vain I seek, love, to sing as I have
sung;
The visions have departed now that once around
me hung,

The doubt, the fear, the sickening pang of love and
hope deferr'd—

These were the wild emotions that my youthful
spirit stirr'd.

I sing not as I sung, love,—grief has full many a
strain,

And poesy delights to shed her balm o'er hours of
pain,

But I have known too much of joy; she will not
deign to shed

The balsam that might soothe despair, upon the
flower-deck'd head.

I sing not as I sung, love, yet must I weave
again,

My early song of gratitude, though wearisome the
strain;

How can I vary such a lay? I would not change
the theme

For all the brightest fantasies that ever poets
dream.

I sing not as I sung, love, yet shall the new-born
year

Find me without my morning gift for one so more
than dear?

Humble the gift—but who would bid the votary
depart

When offering at her idol's shrine her all—a faith-
ful heart?

Brooklyn, L. I.

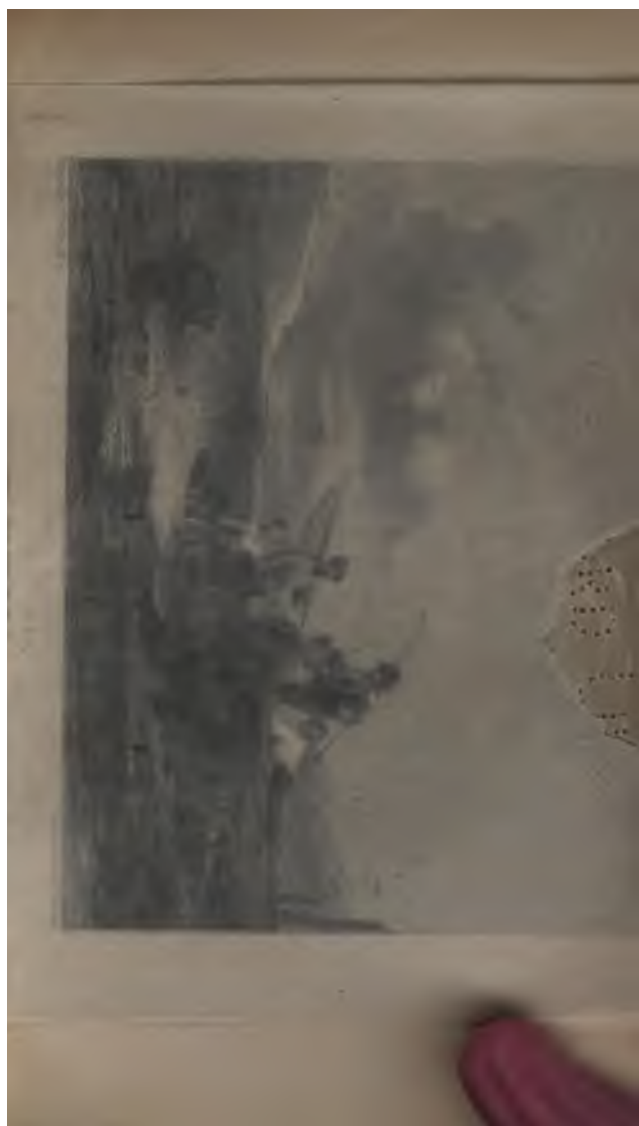
THE MORNING HOUR.

THE morning hour! the morning hour!
How light and fleet her dewy wings,
As stealing from night's dreamy bower,
Her rainbow robe around she flings;
And 'mid the hills and valleys peeping,
With sparkling smile and accent sweet,
She wakes the bashful flowers, that sleeping
With half-closed eye, her presence greet.

THE PRAWN FISHERS.

THIS engraving is from a picture by Collins, the unrivalled painter of sea-side scenery and sea-side figures. His delineations of the English sea-coast and its inhabitants, are alike distinguished by truth and beauty. The cliffs, the sands, the masses of sea-weed, the skies and the waters, are all equally true to nature, and all bear the stamp of delineations from reality.

In this picture, with its summer sky and summer sea, we can almost imagine that we hear the conversation of the prawn fishers. The child, affectionately caressing the equally affectionate dog, is replete with beauty and simplicity.



THE

100

ON A FEMALE HEAD BY SULLY.

BY C. W. THOMSON.

HER dreams are full of hope and love,
She has no thought for wo ;
And earth below and heaven above
Have nothing to bestow :
For he, the loved one far away,
Has sent his message sweet,
To name the happy, heavenly day
Their lips again shall meet.

She bursts not into rapturous joy,
She sings not wild with glee ;
No boisterous mirth her thoughts employ
To set her feelings free—

With her it is a soft delight,
A calm and quiet tone,—
Like Dian's beauty in the night,
When all is still and lone.

That gentle look—that downcast eye—
That forehead full and fair—
That cheek of soft vermilion dye—
That neck—that arm—that hair—
Oh! he whose gaze unmoved and mute,
Could all these treasures scan,
Should sure be something less than brute,
Or something more than man.

Prometheus pilfer'd heaven's own fire—
So ancient poets say—
To animate with soft desire
The thing he framed of clay,—
But Sully's magic art array'd,
A lovelier spell can warm,—
It was but *man* Prometheus made,
He wakes an *angel's* form.

February 18, 1835.

THE EUTAW MAID.

BY W. G. SIMMS.

THE battle of the Eutaw Springs, one of the most brilliant events of the Revolution, is well known in the history of the partisan warfare carried on in the Southern Department. This little ballad has reference to that affair.

L

It was in Eutaw's covert shade, and on a hill-side
stood,
A young and gentle Santee maid, who watch'd the
distant wood,
Where he, the loved one of her heart, in fearful
battle then,
Had gone to flesh his maiden sword with Albion's
martial men,

Untaught in fight, and all unused to join the strife
of blows,—

Oh! can there be a doubt with her, how the deadly
battle goes.

II.

And wild the din ascends from far, and high in
eddyng whirls,

Above the forest trees and wide, the sulphur storm-
cloud curls,

And fast and thick, upon her ear, the dreadful cries
of pain,

The groan, the shriek, the hoarse alarm, run pierc-
ing to her brain ;

She may not hope that he is safe, when thousands
fall around,

But looks to see his bloody form outstretch'd upon
the ground.

III.

There's a cry of conquest on the breeze, and the
cannon's roar is still,

She dares not look, she does not weep, her trem-
bling heart is chill ;

The tramlings of the victors come in triumph
through the glade,
She hears the free note of the drum, the clattering
of the blade,—
Perchance the very blade is red with the blood of
him her love ;
The thought is death,—and down she sinks, within
the woodland grove.

IV.

A gentle arm entwines her form—a voice is in her
ear,
Which, even in death's cold grasp itself, 'twould
win her back to hear ;
Her lips unclose, her eyes unfold once more upon
the light,
And he is there, that gallant love, unharm'd, before
her sight ;—
Now happy is that Santee maid, and proudly blest
is he,
And in her face, the tear and smile are strangely
sweet to see.

REMINISCENCES OF THE KATSKILL
MOUNTAINS.

BY CHARLES WEST THOMSON.

ADDRESSED TO G. W. FAIRMAN, ESQ.

I REMEMBER well the delightful day,
When far from home and its cares away,
To Katskill's gay and mountain height,
Like wandering birds we took our flight :—
O can I forget those moments past,
That were far too sweet and too brilliant to last,
And which shone on life's dreary and barren waste,
Like a fount in the midst of the desert placed,
Which drops its clear waters with cheering sound,
While all is gloomy and dark around,—
Those beautiful hills, how they shone on high,
In the pride of their native majesty !

It was sweet—was it not?—on their tops to stand,
And look down—deep down on the verdant land,
Which was spread like a scene that the fairies
might know,

And slept in the smile of the sun below—
Or to watch the fleecy and snow-like clouds
Go driving on in feathery crowds—
Like troops of ethereal beings that fling
Their forms on the air with unwavering wing—
Till rising aloft they seemed to throw
Their veil o'er the busy world below,
And we were left, as it were, to dwell
In a region raised by some wizard spell.—
And then that wild and wonderful shock
Of waves, that leap'd from the shelving rock,
And flung abroad their shower of spray,
Like the mist that falls on an April day—
What a toil we had to reach the dell,
Where 'mid tangled bushes their lost foam fell,
Ere they glided away in a peaceful brook,
As calm as before their wild leap they took.—
And then the social joys we knew,
When away to our quiet retreat we flew—

The wit that sparkled—the laugh that rung—
The “very good song” that was “very well sang”—
The lightsome spirits that waited us there,
As though they were raised by the mountain air—
Dear George, can we ever that season forget?—
Oh! no—it is rich with enjoyment yet—
And for many a day when the hand of care
Is heavy upon us, we’ll turn us there—
And from memory’s vase we will gather again
The rapture we glean’d from the mountains then.

THE SHOOTING STAR.

Aye! there thou runn’st thy bright career,
Career as brief as bright;
Throwing from off thy blazing sphere
A dazzling circle, full and clear,
Athwart the brow of night.

Thy scintillating fragments play
Along thy rapid track;

In mazy wheel, they burst away
In many a rich and fiery ray—
Thou canst not bid them back.

Far, in the illimitable air,
Thou'rt redly rushing on;
One shooting of intenser glare,
One deep report, the wild winds bear
From the dark west.—Thou'rt gone!—

So have I seen a noble soul,
In innate energy,
Rend the weak bands that could control,
As soon, the waves that foaming roll
Along the hoary sea;

Burst on the world's astonished sight,
A thing to love and fear;
Or sparkling with a sunny light,
Or flashing with a gleam too bright
For men unmoved to bear;

Till by fierce passions tost and driven,
His reason, fancy dim;

His strongest ties in sunder riven ;
Like proud oak, scathed by burning levin
And splinter'd limb from limb,

He sinks at last, in crash and wreck,
Yet glows 'mid gathering night—
The soul which nought on earth could check
Yields at the last to death's cold beck
But perishes in *light*.

ΣΚΟΠΟΣ.

May, 1834.

THE DARK OF AUTUMN AND THE BRIGHT
OF WINTER IN NEW ENGLAND.

I HAVE a cousin born and bred in one of the West India Islands. How I, a New Englander, happened to have such a relative there, matters not to my story. Of course, I had an uncle; and if you only think of the sheen of a Spanish dollar glittering upon the eye of acquisitiveness, you will not wonder that my uncle married and settled in a climate so different from that of his nativity. Well, this cousin visited his father's relatives in New England, for the first time, in the summer of the year 18—. He spent some months with us, for the purpose of crowning his mercantile education with some branches not so well acquired in his native island. The early part of December

was the time set for his return. He shuddered at the very thought of exposing his tropical organization to the severities of our winter. He began to shiver with cold, and to curl over a fire in serene September. The calmness and south-western softness of our Indian summer, with all its "pomp of hues," could hardly reconcile him to our frosty nights. As the cold season advanced, he began to grow desperate. He rolled in his extremities, as the leaves do, by the potency of frost. Finally, he betook himself to some friends in the city, for he supposed it might be rather more comfortable amid brick walls and a sea-softened atmosphere, than it was so far to the north, and so high in the sky, as was our hilly town. Yet he made us one more visit, previous to sailing for his own dear clime of the sun. He would not have dared a chilly journey of more than fifty miles into the country, but here was his father's birth-place, and the home of his ancestors; and, more than all, he really loved us, as he found that the Granite State, where we lived, had imparted nothing of its stone to our hearts.

The day our tender-bodied friend arrived was

the very last, and the very gloomiest of November. The aspects of earth and sky were to most natives, as well as to the tropic-bred, about the same for cheerfulness as the circumstances of a funeral. Indeed, death in unburied deformity was everywhere around, in respect to the vegetable tribes. Field, pasture, and woodland, in summer so variously beautiful, were now all dark and desolate, in the last stages of autumnal decay. And, to multiply the images of mortality, our West Indian, in jocular spleen, said, that the trees were like lifeless skeletons, with their bare and cold bony limbs rattling against each other in the wind. No wonder that even these long-living giants of vegetation looked, also, like the dead to an eye accustomed to perennial verdure.

The visible heavens, moreover, shed down no consolation for the departed life and comeliness of earth. The sky was ceiled around with leaden, and still more darkly blue clouds; forming, as it were, fit dome for those malignant powers of the air that deepen pensiveness into melancholy, and force despair into suicide, in some unfortunate temperaments. The waters, too, which will sparkle

in the clear sun as cheerfully as when the vernal leaves put out over them, or the summer flowers grace their borders;—they had caught the sadness of the season, and seemed to reflect from their bosom the chill of the clouds, as well as their hue. There was wanting only one circumstance more to give to the day the last and superlative degree of cheerlessness, and this was that blue breath of the sea-demons, the north-east wind.

Such was the day on which our visitor from the torrid zone arrived at our door, with his face, hands, and heart, all im-blued with its influences. After our cordial salutations and genial fireside had repossessed him with comfort, we spent a right merry evening, making him feel that ours was no unfavourable climate for hearts.

Just before retiring for the night, it was observed that the clouds had closed mistily together, and were drooping lower, betokening some kind of visitation from them before morning. But the temperature was just at that point at which the most infallible almanac-maker dare not be more positive than to say, “rain, hail, or snow, or some sort of weather before long.” Next morning

we were surprised to find that about four inches of snow had fallen during the night. It was quite remarkable that the first snow should come exactly with the first day of winter. The sky was now as clear as on the first morning of light, before a cloud had been made, or a mist had gone up. It was truly one of the most beautiful days that ever dropped from the sun. Now, thought I, cousin Ferdinand will behold a sight such as he never saw before, and one worth travelling for far, and tarrying for long. I roused him from his slumbers, that I might be sure to witness his surprise. As the white curtains were let down so as completely to cover the windows, he did not perceive the change that had taken place, before he left his chamber. I contrived to get his half-opened eyes to the door before he discovered it. I suddenly flung the door wide open, and let the unexpected scene upon his startled sight—a landscape of spreading plains, oval hills, and peaked mountains; yesterday so drearily dark, but now all arrayed in the purest white, and bounded by the soft contrast of the azure heaven. As there had been but little or no wind, the snow had fallen as even as ever

the hand of art had laid the carpets of a palace. And it had descended so gently and moist, that it lodged wherever it touched. All the fences were edged, and the posts were capped with white. But the trees were the most curious spectacle. Every branch and twig, before so naked and black, was now clothed and bright with this bloom from the skies. Here and there curling tendrils, and more pendent boughs, making one think of flowery wreaths and festoons. At the moment, moreover, the rising sun was just gazing from the horizon on the white expanse, which gave back into his own rejoicing face the perfect reflection of all his harmoniously mingled hues. Such was the scene which broke with the suddenness of enchantment on the young man's vision. He would scarcely have been more astonished and enraptured had he fallen asleep in our dismal north, and awaked to gaze on the flowery paradise of his own native isle. Indeed, had equatorial Flora herself been here, she might have been consumed with envy, as well as been congealed by cold. For there were forms and colours which she could not equal with

all her skill. The surface of the frost-work was one boundless continuity of the minutest prisms, all radiant with the seven-hued light, as if powdered with particles of rainbow. Certain I am, that in all nature there is not a texture or a tinting more exquisitely delicate than this; it is the nearest approach to the spiritual that the human eye beholds in things material.

I need not record the oh's and ah's, and all the extravagant superlatives, now uttered by my bewildered and transported cousin. He found no more fault with the manifold and uncomfortable changes of our capricious climate. He felt that autumn's darkest might well be endured for the sake of beholding winter's brightest enhanced by such a contrast.

I might now describe the pleasures of the sleigh-ride we gave our novelty-struck tropic man. I might speak also of the new life and gladness infused by this snow-fall into our rural population, making the feet of business dance to the jingling melodies of the merry bells. But I can now sketch but a single scene from the snow-bright

England.

2000

2000

season. However, I assure all dwellers in the sunny south, that one might fill a volume describing the beauties and sublimities, the sports, comforts, and delights of winter in New England.

.....

.....

THE LADY OF BLENNERHASSET,

OR

THE DESPOILED ISLAND.

AN INCIDENT OF THE BURR EXPEDITION.

BY MORGAN NEVILLE.

THE incident, which forms the subject of this hasty reminiscence, occurred during the excitement of what was called the "Burr expedition." Those of the present generation, who have observed with what freedom a severance of the Union is now spoken of, by our purest patriots, even on the floor of Congress, will scarcely be able to conceive the horror with which the subject was approached twenty-five years ago. The bare idea, expressed

openly, of the possibility of such an occurrence, was considered a species of *lèse majesté*; considering the few obstacles which several subsequent projects of descent upon the neighbouring provinces of Mexico met with, it is equally unintelligible how the influence of one man, and he a furious advocate of liberty and the rights of man, should have called a whole nation into action, to prevent an American citizen, (and he a good democrat, too,) from introducing our liberal principles among the benighted and degraded colonies of Spain. Such was the fact, however. But “use doth breed a habit” in nations, as well as “in man;” the two aspects under which the conspiracy of Burr was once viewed, having been touched by the harlequin wand of time, have dropped all their hideousness;—what once was a little less than treason, is openly avowed “a correct remedy;”—what once was a misdemeanor, is since considered an honest ebullition of republican feeling, in favour of the natural rights “of enslaved millions.”

It was during the latter part of the year 1806, that the youth of the west, and sooth to say, some greybeards, also, who have since figured in high

stations in our country, were roused "from the dull pursuits of civil life," by the rumour, that the most brilliant genius of the day was organizing a force for the reformation, if not conquest of Mexico. Among the chivalry, at least, of the valley of the Mississippi, there was but one sentiment:—Burr had just passed through the country, like an electric spark, magnetizing every bosom, but the polarity was south. The spirit of Peter the Hermit was abroad, preaching up a crusade against political and religious oppression, and a lion-hearted Richard was in the field—the cloud which had lately shadowed his popularity being dispelled for the moment by his brilliant reputation for courage and military talents. Cautious fathers arrested the determinations of many; but had a successful *debut* been effected, a larger force would have poured into the Mexican provinces, than ever marched, at one time, to the rescue of the holy sepulchre. The question was not asked, by what name the leader was to be called—emperor, dictator, consul for life, were all the same to the ardent and youthful. They had

heard the tales of revolutionary battles from their fathers, and they longed to follow to the field a warlike leader. It did not require much casuistry to prove, that any change for the debased creoles of Mexico was desirable; anything was better than the existing system, which brought over a constant succession of Spanish officers to succeed others who yielded only when gorged with the plunder and treasures of the natives.

It is just, however, to state that the sentiments and objects of those who came into the enterprise, had nothing of that taint which disgraced the followers of Cortez and Pizarro; gold and silver mines formed no part of their visions; no blood-hounds were trained to hunt down the inhabitants, and no gridirons were prepared to roast out the secret of hidden treasure from alcades and priests: some, in their reveries, might revert to the laws of the Norman conquest,—a coronet, and “by our lady,” even a principality, might occasionally have glittered in prospective to the eyes of a few: of this, however, the reminiscent pleads entire ignorance; the originator of the project being a

decided advocate of the rights of man, there can be no doubt that political regeneration was the great object.

It was on a dark and stormy night in the beginning of December, that a small party of young men embarked in a flat-boat, at a town not far from the head of the Ohio. The angry waves were unusually high, and threatened every moment to swamp the trifling and awkwardly constructed craft. With much labour they reached the middle of the stream, and the vessel was then suffered to toss about at the mercy of the winds and the white caps, until the storm lulled. The adventurers, from their amphibious kind of education, preferred running the risk of swimming to shore, in case of shipwreck, to blistering their hands with the rough ill-shapen oars. It is certain that there were no *workies* on board, beyond one or two hirelings;—it is doubtful whether the whole scope of the Burr expedition embraced many of this useful, and (in modern political calculation) important class. Labour was abandoned, and visionary speculation, whim, and frolic usurped its place.

"Never mind the storm, boys," exclaimed one, who was considered by his companions most prominent among them; and, who having just finished his academical course, had commenced Blackstone, "never mind the storm, *non si male nunc, et olim sic erit.*"

"*Nil desperandum,*" cried a classmate, taking up the quotation, "*Teucro duce et auspice Teucro.*"

A third, a youth a little stage-struck, but given to swearing withal, throwing himself into the mock tragic attitude of Dick the apprentice, drawled out with affected solemnity, and with a *sostenuto* emphasis on the last line,

"We must be cruel only to be kind,
Thus bad begins but worse remains behind."

"Confound your croaking," resumed the first, "if ever again you suggest an idea of the future, that breathes of anything except blue skies, perpetual summer, and hanging gardens, you shall be chained, like Prometheus, on the rock of Vera Cruz, without a chance of ever seeing the golden spires of the city of Montezuma,—*couleur de rose*

are my feelings; *couleur de rose* is my motto; when the colour fades, and the rose withers, I pray to wither and die also."

The party was composed of enthusiasts, scions of the most opulent families of the west. For how few of them did the rose continue to bloom; for how few of them did the blue skies of summer continue unclouded!

With boyish discussions, and castle-building, the few first days of the voyage were whiled away, as the boat floated leisurely along, sometimes side foremost, sometimes stern foremost, in a manner so annoying to the real sailor, when he first embarks upon our western rivers. The banks of the Ohio, so truly beautiful in the spring time, presented no charms in the bleak month of December. The occasional sacrifice of a deer, as he lay concealed near a fallen tree on the shore, or as he attempted to cross the stream, in flying from a pursuing hunter, were the only incidents that broke upon the monotony of the journey. At length, one cold morning found the vessel driven on shore, by the fast-accumulating cakes of ice.

"This is worse than Prometheus on the rock of Vera Cruz," cried the Thespian.

He had scarcely spoken, when an armed band of some seventy men rushed down the bank, and, in an instant, the deadly rifle of every individual was levelled at the boat, within five paces of the bosoms of the young argonauts. The student, the only one who had arms, sprang to the open bow, and presented his pistols. There was no time, apparently, for parlying. The ominous ticking of the rifles, that ran along the whole line, promised but brief space between life and eternity. The pistol was aimed at a gigantic figure, in a hunting-shirt and moccasins, who seemed a leader. The whole scene passed so quick, that in the absence of all cause for such an assault, the party was viewed as a set of banditti, no unusual occurrence in those days, a little farther down the river. Indeed, their subsequent conduct proved that they merited no better title. The student sought to sell his life as dear as possible. At this moment, when the fore-finger seemed pressing on the trigger of rifle and pistol, to speed the fatal ball, a youth from the stern rushed forward, shaking a white towel in his hand.

On anything like an equal field, that same youth, with more pleasure, would have shaken a pennon in the van of the onset. The effect was instantaneous; rifles and pistols were thrown from their aim, and the real commander of the party jumped from the bank, where, with a prudence not common to backwoodsmen, he had actually treed himself. On inquiry as to the cause of this violence, the travellers were informed that the party were militia, acting under the president's proclamation, authorizing them to examine all descending boats. Fortified with this amount of brief authority, they did not hesitate to jeopardize the lives of peaceful citizens, travelling harmlessly on the highway;—such is the prudence of arming a mob to protect the laws.

A wild set of young men, *un peu aristocratique* withal, in their notions and education, were not likely to conciliate, by word or deed, the feelings of such a band of patriots;—after a sharp encounter of wit, in which sneer and jest on both sides almost degenerated into vulgar abuse, the militia, now increased to nearly one hundred, finding their dignity sensibly invaded by a few boys,

resolved to arrest the crew, and wait the decision of the "curnell." The whole corps was armed with rifle and scalping knife; the latter implement was worn in a leather sheath, dependent behind from the belt of the hunting shirt, and was the never-failing accompaniment of every woodsman of that day. As the boat was icebound, and must probably remain so for some days, no objection was made to the movement on the part of the travellers; more particularly as the adventure promised some excitement and sport. A guard being placed over the property, the young men, attended with savage magnificence, ascended the bank, on their way to the scene of their imprisonment and examination. After walking sometime, the spirit of mischief moved the Thespian:—

"Capting," said he, with his usual affected tone, which never failed to move the risible faculties of his companions,—“capting, will your highness condescend to inform us on what hospitable shore the fates have cast us; and in what part of the president's dominions we are to await the pleasure of his excellency the ‘curnel?’”

"Don't trouble yourself, mannee," replied the

captain, a self-sufficient, important-looking fellow; "you'll see the 'curnell' soon enough for your comfort; and mind I tell you, you will see a real roarer when you see *him*; he is the biggest man in the settlement, and the strongest man on the two Kenhawas. You know, fast enough, this is Blanny's Island, and I make no doubt you are come to take his woman after him. The curnell will be apt to save you that trouble."

"Blennerhasset's Island!" exclaimed the student; "now praised be the gods! if we are to be scalped and burnt, it will be delightful to have that gentleman's paradise for the scene of sacrifice."

"Sculp you," said another Patagonian, taking the student literally; "who is going to sculp you? you a'n't worth sculping;—if you belong to Burr, as I reckon you do, the 'curnell' will bring it out of you! he can talk as big as you can;"—as he concluded, by way of a finish to his character of the colonel, he snorted and blew like a wild horse.

By this time the prisoners came in sight of the miniature palace (for such it seemed in those days) of the Irish exile, the "ill-fated Blennerhasset." It struck upon their vision, as did the castle of the

island giant upon Sinbad and his captive companions, in the Arabian Nights. It arose in the wilderness like the creation of the genius of the lamp; and then beamed forth, a beacon light of hospitality, to every passing stranger. In the west, among other wonders produced by the steamboat, it has almost annihilated space. Under the old flat-boat system, the beautiful establishment of Blennerhasset was considered a distant scene, and that circumstance gave increased attractions to it;—it was more than once deemed worthy of a pilgrimage to see it, and enjoy the delightful society of its accomplished proprietors. Edifices of grandeur and beauty have become common on the Ohio, in modern times. To appreciate the loveliness of this consecrated spot, one must have been born among the wild scenes of the early west, and have grown up with the gradual advance of wealth and refinement.

The mansion of Blennerhasset, then, was the Bastille to which the young adventurers were to be assigned, by the *lettre de cachet* proclamation of the president. On approaching the building, the party passed through a portion of the cultivated

ground and shrubbery, which an accomplished orator has since immortalized, by a description, which for eloquence and poetry has seldom been surpassed. Even at that moment, when all was winter, and cheerless;—when

“Dead the vegetable kingdom lay,
And dumb the tuneful,”

the genius of taste seemed to linger round the scene, sighing for the period when the first budding of the buckeye should give notice of the approach of spring. They were introduced into an antechamber or hall, whose domed ceiling and gilt cornice, proved the liberal spirit of the owner. The building was quadrangular, situated on the upper end of the island, with two fronts, one facing the northern arm of the river, the other the east; commanding an extensive view of the Ohio, embracing the charming Yankee settlements of Bellepré, on the left shore, and the *embouchure* of the little Kenhawa, and the village of Parkersburg, on the right. The wings, comprising different offices, stretched in a curve from the main

solemnity were resorted to as often as opportunity offered itself. The militia, considerably inflated by what they considered the high ground they occupied as immediate representatives of the president, affected great forbearance and dignity, at first; but, nevertheless, they occasionally retorted with much effect. The early western boatmen and inhabitants of the banks of the Ohio, were always distinguished for uncommon powers of repartee and ready wit, coarse, rude, and vulgar, of course, and interlarded with homemade illustrations; but frequently caustic and effective. The peculiar kind of intercourse which existed between the river and the shore men, was the origin of this acquirement; as a boat slowly floated past an improvement, it was common law to have a trial of skill in smartness;—it generally commenced by some simple question from a lazy boatman, lying listlessly on the top of the boat; but it soon grew into a full chorus on both sides, increasing in vociferation as the distance became greater between them. The impudence, as it was called, of the cavaliers, however, finally incensed the Roundheads to such a degree, that it was

resolved they should be brought before a regular court of inquiry. Three worshipful justices were accordingly sent for, who arrived in due time; the court was soon organized; and, with submission be it spoken, a more stupid trio never sat in judgment on a western bench,—and that is a bold assertion. The prisoners were arraigned in due form, and put upon their trial; a scene then ensued that defies description; in such a scene language is but a small part of the play; the manners, looks, and expressions of countenance of the *dramatis personæ* are everything. To do full justice requires the combined powers of a Wilkie, Cruikshank, and Johnston. The owl-like solemnity, and consequential airs of the judges; the bustling importance of the majority of the militiamen, who acted in the various capacities of *amico curio*, prosecutors, and lawyers, and whose every look of vulgar self-complacency seemed to say, “we have done the state some service” on the present occasion—in short, the *toute ensemble* of the group was too much for the gravity of the cavaliers; and involuntary bursts of laughter frequently broke upon the seriousness of the trial. The ridicule of this

scene, however, did not fall upon the whole party; there were some striking exceptions. It is a fact, that the race of men who formed the early settlement of the mountainous regions of the west, were generally of extraordinary stature; the cause of this is left for more learned men to explain, although the problem probably admits of easy solution. Most of the present party were of this description;—there were many such figures who loitered about in the background, whose eyes proved they had a perfect contempt for the scene before them; but with that shrewdness and cunning which are known to characterize the pioneer on our frontiers, every glance intimated indifference as to consequences, as they were enlisted in favour of a popular, though vindictive prejudice, against a persecuted and ruined citizen. These persons, as they leaned not ungracefully on their rifles, dressed in the full woodsman costume, of hunting-shirt, leggins, and moccasins, presented models of men, fit for the Herculean task of subduing the mighty forests of the Mississippi valley.

The student, now honoured with the title of squire, undertook the general defence: his legal

reading extended to second Blackstone; but he was well versed in the historical part of the English state trials, and English history generally; with a sufficient amount of flippancy and forwardness, he felt equal to the task of mystifying the judges, and bothering the prosecutors. The Thespian was called up first;—on being asked his intention in going down the river, (for *intention* was the crime charged,) he commenced with “most potent, grave, and reverend signors,” and acknowledged he was engaged by Colonel Burr, but not for any treasonable or criminal purpose. Those who lived in that period, will recollect, that among the various projects promulgated by the friends of that leader, not the least dazzling was that of a society similar to the one of Robert Owen, to be located in the then celebrated district of Ouachita. This scheme was embellished, but more attractively, with all the wild visions of the modern enthusiast. Every species of *agrément* and luxury, was to be created by magic, at the moment of arrival, and the future was to be nothing but pleasure and enjoyment. The Thespian declared he had undertaken the management of the theatric department

in this Eutopia, and assured their honours, the only difficulty that clouded his prospects, was the mode to be adopted to preserve harmony in the green-room, and to keep up the equilibrium between the tragic, comic, and operatic muses; he concluded by a glowing description of the future destinies of the colony. The bench was bewildered; the second judge, with a foolish expression of face, and with some hesitancy, asked, in an undertone, what the young man said; another suggested that the youth was "cracked;"—the student gave an acquiescing nod to this suspicion, and the Thespian was passed as *non compos*. A second stated that he was going to establish a press in Louisiana, to enlighten the Creoles, just emerging from their dependence on kingly government. All had some brilliant object in view, wild and impracticable. They had no idea of imposing on the court; they laughed at their own tales themselves; before a proper tribunal they would have avowed their views, which were entirely speculative, and depended on certain contingencies. None of the parties had ever seen Colonel Burr, but some of them, doubtless, would have gone with him to

Mexico, if that had been his only object, as doubtless it was. But the present was a scene of frolic for them. The cavaliers made points for agreement; objections were stated to evidence; the whole law of treason, from 25th Edward III to that time, was curiously handled; the rules of evidence were gravely discussed, cases quoted, and cases *fabricated* for the occasion, were given with an air of authority perfectly irresistible. The judges were overwhelmed with law, and mystified by argument; and finally, after a day or two of consultation, they decided to discharge the prisoners, with a little wholesome advice from the senior Minos. This was by way of a saving clause to their dignity;—the charge concluded in these words: “Young men, you are a middling smart set of chaps, and if we hear of your doing anything agin the government, we shall be sorry we pardoned you.” Pardon and acquittal were synonymous with these wiseacres.

During the trial, the mob spirit of the militia began to run riot, and by the time it was ended, all was confusion. The well-stored cellars of the mansion were assailed, and began to pour forth

their riches; drunkenness ensued; fences were torn down to pile upon the blazing fires of the sentinels; the shrubbery was trampled under foot; and by way of amusement, balls were fired into the rich ceiling of the hall. This was the state of things, late at night, on the last day of trial. As the court was rising, a female entered through a side door;—whether it was the unexpectedness of the apparition, or the contrast between the savage-looking group, and her lovely and majestic person, it is difficult to say, but the effect was electrical; the cavaliers stood in silent admiration; the classical spirit of the student was roused, and he exclaimed in an undertone, “*Oh! Dea, certe.*” Even the coarse hunters themselves fell back with involuntary respect. It was the lady of Blennerhasset, just returned from an unsuccessful visit to Marietta. The feelings of the woman at first predominated, as she looked at the desolation that reigned around. She clasped her hands in agony, and seemed to address a silent prayer to heaven. The feeling was momentary, the woman disappeared, and the heroine stood in her place. She waved from her the surrounding mob, with the air

of an *Helen M'Gregor*, and not one of them attempted to resist the silent wishes of the lady. The student, as spokesman of his party, after introducing himself by a name familiar to her, apologized for the unwilling participation they had in the scene before them, and explained, in a few words, the commencement and nature of the outrage. Her whole frame struggled with contending emotions, which she tried to conceal; but nature was victorious, and tears came to her relief. At this moment her two little boys, who had not been before visible, were brought in by a servant, and rushed into their mother's arms. After a moment's indulgence of parental feelings, she was restored to composure.

"Pardon me, young gentlemen," she said, "for forgetting myself for an instant, before these savage men. But returning from a bootless mission, to a scene like this; my property ravaged, the lives of my children endangered, and my husband hunted like a wild beast, were all too much for a woman's fortitude. How happy should we have been, to have received you under other circumstances. As it is, I beg of you to accept

of such hospitality as my distracted situation will afford."

She then led the way into a once splendid drawing-room, into which she invited the young travellers. She then informed them that her husband had caused several boats to be built on the Muskingum, for the purpose of aiding the great project; but owing to the sudden rising of the Kenhawa militia, he was forced to fly and leave them. To procure one of these, to enable herself and family to follow, was the object of her visit to Marietta; when she arrived, the boats were seized, and she was cruelly refused the use of one of them. She spoke without reserve to the strangers, either because she presumed that they were entered in the same cause, or relying upon their honour as gentlemen, under her roof. She declared that she took it for granted that every western bosom responded to the call of liberty and glory. On the subject of the delivery of Mexico from despotism, her mind was wrought up to the highest pitch of excitement. Scott's Magdalene Græme was not more devoted to the all-absorbing object of restoring Mary Stuart to the throne of

Scotland, than was this intrepid woman to what she considered the true designs of Colonel Burr. Like the Scottish sibyl, she would have made a pilgrimage barefooted to the holy sepulchre, to have ensured success to the cause. Though an Englishwoman herself, she had, in early youth, become the wife of an Irish patriot, and had imbibed all the enthusiasm and zeal of his associates, Emmett, Fitzgerald, and O'Connell. And although she had become heartily disgusted with the liberty and equality system, to which the sanguine temperament of her visionary husband had subjected her, by his western location, she became eloquent when drawing the picture of a liberal government, to be substituted for the existing one, that debased that terrestrial paradise, Mexico.

Notwithstanding her masculine fortitude, she was weighed down by the disappointment she had experienced at Marietta. Her situation was indeed deplorable. Under the present state of travelling facilities, the embarrassment of that moment cannot be appreciated. Her despondency, however, was but momentary—the boat of her new

friends was tendered with so much earnestness, that she was forced to accept it; on condition, however, as she smilingly insisted, "that she should, in boatmen's phraseology, be permitted to *work* her passage." Having a "lady fair" to protect and guard, the cavaliers felt like knights indeed. The weather having moderated, and the river having swelled, and being nearly free from ice, the party separated with the resolution, on the part of the gentlemen, of arranging a room early next day, for the lady, with all the barbaric magnificence that a flat-boat of rough planks, forty feet by twelve, would admit of.

On descending from the drawing-room to the large hall below, in which the men not on duty had "spread their blankets," they found them still loitering about the room, or in little squads, conversing in low tones. The house had been taken possession of under the proclamation, and was converted into the head-quarters of the Kenhawa guards, without permission of the owners. The cavaliers resolved to have a parting brush with their captors before retiring.

"You ~~have~~ had hard service," cried one, "under

the proclamation, boys; of course you expect office under the president. Suppose you ask our advice in the selection of your several appointments,—as we have had the honour of an intimate intercourse with you, for a few days, our counsel might be useful both to yourselves and the country.”

“Don’t trouble yourself, mannee,”* said the drawling lieutenant; “we want no pay for taking the likes of you; our sculps were in no danger. We understand you’re guine to take off Blanny’s woman with you. Hadn’t you better wait to see if the colonel don’t bring the old fellow back with him.”

This result had not presented itself before, and it produced some uneasy feelings. Should it occur, it would destroy the magnificent visions of the accomplished hostess, most effectually. But the party was not suffered to remain long in doubt; a loud murmur on the outside of the door, announced something uncommon to have taken place; several voices exclaimed, “the colonel’s

* A common term among boatmen, rather of ridicule, for little man.

come." After some preparatory bustle, such as is heard at the wings of the stage in a western theatre, as a note of preparation, when a rising star first rushes before the audience as Rolla, or Abcellino, the door was thrown open; in an instant afterwards, a man, apparently a hunter, of gigantic proportions and commanding presence, entered slowly and deliberately, and stopped a few paces within the door. His dress was generally the same as that of the rest of the party, but worn in a manner which seemed studied, and apparently intended for effect; this, no doubt, was accidental, and probably was caused by the Herculean symmetry of his form. The butt of his rifle was brought to the floor with some force; his right arm extended, and grasping the piece itself, held it at a short distance from his person; his body rested on his left leg, his right being a little advanced, and at ease, while his left hand, closed, was slightly pressed against his hip. In this hunter attitude, graceful as that of the Apollo after he has discharged the fatal arrow, he remained a few seconds, perfectly silent, moving his head slowly from right to left, while his searching eye rested, in turn, upon every

individual of the group. Few of his friends could stand the scrutiny; most of them shrunk back into the shade of the wall of the room.

"Shame, men," he exclaimed—"shame on such conduct; you have disgraced our district, and the cause we are concerned in."

It was plain that this was the individual so often and so triumphantly alluded to by the hunters, and the effect of his appearance proved to the strangers that no ordinary being stood before them. The lieutenant, and one or two more, attempted a confused kind of explanation, but an impatient exclamation drove them back, crest-fallen. He then approached the cavaliers, who were looking on the passing scene with some interest, not a little awe-struck by the commanding manner of this new personage on the stage. They felt that a different bearing on their part now became necessary, and were satisfied that much embarrassment to them might be saved or inflicted, according to his decision. Although his dress was that of a woodsman, his manners and language gave evidence of a knowledge of good

society. He represented a class of men, which, thrown into the busy scenes of the world, rise to eminence by the vigour of their intellect, and boldness of action; but restrained by want of opportunity, and confined to an humble walk of life, they still become leaders and oracles in the sphere they move in. Such a character was Colonel Phelps. He apologized for what he termed the misguided zeal of his friends, and regretted that he was absent when the party was arrested. He spoke of the mystery in which Colonel Burr had shrouded his intentions, as giving just cause for suspicion. He described Blennerhasset as a benevolent, accomplished, but visionary man, who did not possess sufficient judgment to direct him under difficulties.

“I understand, gentlemen,” he continued, “that you have kindly offered to take charge of his lady, to the south; under existing circumstances, I am gratified by this arrangement. Blennerhasset can never return, as I know he has embarked the remains of his once large fortune in Burr’s scheme, be it what it may; it is better, therefore,

that his wife should not remain. If I can be of any service, in increasing the comfort of her accommodations, I beg you to command me."

The student intimated something about the preservation of the property of the fugitive.

"I am mortified," replied the colonel, "to be obliged to acknowledge that your suspicions have been justified by the shameless scene which surrounds us; but, be assured, sir, that no further damage shall ensue."

At this moment, the lady herself, who had been brought down by the noise of the new arrival, and who had heard the last part of the conversation, entered; the stranger, bowing to her, said,

"Mrs. Blennerhasset herself will accept my pledge."

"Certainly," replied she; "although, as a mother and wife, I may think I have cause of complaint, I willingly place my fortune, as I would my life, under the protection of Colonel Phelps."

The colonel then assured her, that he would take the most effectual steps to keep the house and grounds in order, until Mr. Blennerhasset should make other arrangements. After repeating the

tender of his services, he took his leave for the night, in a manner that proved he had mingled in society, different from that of the 'wild party he controlled.

Early the next morning, the lady commenced her preparations for a final farewell of the island Eden, where, for nearly ten years, she had been the presiding genius. Her energy and zeal were such, that in a few hours she took possession of the humble chamber prepared for her in such haste; and by the assistance of Colonel Phelps, who rivalled the cavaliers in courtesy, the necessary stores and furniture were embarked. On a mild afternoon in December, often common in that month on the Ohio, the boat swung from the shore, lashed to another of the same class, which had just arrived, belonging to a young trader, and friend of the party. The two crafts, thus intimately connected, soon took the "chute" of the rapid current, which flows past that, and every other island in the river; and the cavaliers again resigned themselves, with the natural elasticity of youth, to visions of pleasure and glory. The lady and her two boys ascended the deck, to enjoy the

balmy feeling of a gentle south-west breeze, which was not sufficient to ruffle the surface of the stream. The student approached her in silence, fearing, as her eyes were turned in the direction of the grove that embowered her beautiful residence, to disturb reflections, which he took for granted were similar to those of the lovely Mary of Scotland, when, seated on the deck of the fast-receding vessel, she sighed a last farewell to her beloved France. He was mistaken; her thoughts were far away from the present scene, and fixed on subjects that savoured neither of cottages, groves, or purling streams. She soon turned to the gentleman with a smile, and expressed her gratitude for the sacrifice of comfort made by himself and his companions for her accommodation. The youth was not slow in expressing the delight experienced by himself and friends, at having an opportunity of rendering her a service at such a trifling expense.

“I fear, Madam,” said he, “I have broken in upon sensations which ought to be held holy; your abandoning a paradise where you must have passed many happy days, is calculated to produce feelings,

not in unison with those magnificent anticipations you indulged in, a few hours since."

"You are in error," said she; "you do me more credit than I deserve. You speak of our island as a paradise; but you speak as a young man fresh from the *Bucolics* and the *Georgics*, and full of Arcadian notions;—when a few years more shall have rolled by, you will think differently. However," continued she, in a more sprightly manner, "if we owned an Eden, I acknowledge myself an absolute descendant of mother Eve, with all her defects. I was not satisfied.—I suspect, from some travelling books which I perceived lying on a table below, that you are an admirer of French literature; if you will acquit me of pedantry, I will offer a quotation that illustrates my views. '*La solitude est une belle chose; mais il est encore plus belle, d'avoir des personnes, a qui, on peut dire, que la solitude est une belle chose.*' Now, sir, I go with Monsieur Balzac. I like solitude and shrubbery, as well as Shenstone himself; but I should select other souls to commune with, on their charms, than those sentimental individuals who have honoured you with their

society, for the last few days, in my domains. But, seriously, sir, I never could, for a moment, think of educating my boys in scenes like these, and they must, and shall have a different theatre for developement and action."

The last words were spoken with an energy that betrayed the aspiring woman, as well as the fond and devoted mother. The reason, of the youth might have been convinced; but years did roll by, before his feelings were changed. As he handed the lady from the deck, he murmured audibly,

"Oh, sure if there's peace to be found in the world,
A heart that is humble might hope for it here."

The journey was a tedious one, but the intelligent and accomplished female who had become a member of the party, imparted a charm, that in great measure, kept off that flat-boat imp, *ennui*. A few miles above Natchez, where the small and disappointed flotilla of Colonel Burr was lying, she was restored, with her children, to her husband; he received her from her young knights, in a man-

ner becoming a man of ardent feelings and refined mind. Hard measure has been dealt to this estimable matron; she has been subjected to persecutions most unmerited—to insinuations most ungenerous and unfounded. The ways of Providence are not to be questioned; but if female virtues and universal benevolence could command happiness, then would the destiny of the lady of Blennerhasset have been a different one.

Before passing on to New Orleans, the travelers paid their respects to the great mover of the expedition which had terminated so disastrously. They found him in a flat-boat, only distinguished from the rest, by its unwieldy size. They were announced in all the form of court etiquette, from the bow of the vessel, and were ushered into a back, or stern chamber. Here sat Colonel Aaron Burr, the most elegant man of his age, in company with two or three rough-looking men, in a room of rough planks, illuminated by two miserable candles; and here they were received with a grace and dignity that would have added lustre to the most august presence-chamber on the globe. There was nothing of despondency in his looks;—

his conversation was brilliant and graceful. After about half an hour, in which the ordinary topics were discussed, a momentary change appeared in his countenance;—he rose with dignity, and addressed the young men, as follows:—

“Young gentlemen, I thank you for the compliment, which under existing circumstances, you have paid me. I was intimate with the fathers of some of you;—we have served together, in days when darker clouds hung over us, than those which seem to lower over me now. I ask not for your confidence; I mean to impart none. Situated as we are, such a course would be indiscreet. But, whatever may have been your views in visiting the south; whether business, pleasure, or glory impelled you, be assured of one thing; although I am the victim of bad faith, I neither despair, nor abandon my intentions.”

The cavaliers were fascinated with the boldness and elevation of his manner. It was evident to them, however, that his plans, whatever they may have been, were for ever destroyed; and whether their failure proceeded from faults of his own, or from timidity and treachery on the part of others,

they felt that he was a ruined, as well as a betrayed man. In taking leave, the busy mind of the student was contrasting the present position of this distinguished individual, with what it was a few years before, when the struggle for the executive chair between himself and the most popular man of the day, so long stood doubtful;—then contending for the first situation in the world, with equal prospects of success; now, under bail to stand a trial for crime, the owner of a few boats, and proscribed by that party, of which, so lately, he was the ornament and boast. As he left the boat, he sighed,

“Heu ! quantum est in rebus, inane !”

The issue of this celebrated expedition, distorted by personal and party prejudice, into the highest crime known to the law, has become matter of judicial record. But, where is that mansion, which, for so many years, shone like the ancient palaces of Tadmor, a “jewel in the desert?” Not a trace remains; and when the traveller is told, as he glides past the island, that the genius of hos-

pitality once had an altar there, he turns incredulously away. The estate was seized for debt, arising from endorsements, and went into the possession of creditors. The body of the building, and its beautiful offices, were converted into barns, and shortly after, from carelessness or design, caught fire. In a few minutes, the most splendid edifice in the west was a smoking ruin.

THE DUKE OF ATHOL'S HUNTING PARTY.

THIS plate is from a very fine picture by Edwin Landseer, whose compositions in this line are not surpassed by anything similar in modern art.

Two hunters are preparing to dismember the stag that has been recently killed, and receiving the directions of the Duke of Athol. Another sportsman is reconnoitering with his glass, a herd of deer that has just come into view, passing over the distant highlands, and seen dimly through the mountain mist. Young George Murray, in the dress of his clan, and with a look and attitude of high excitement, having that moment perceived the deer, is catching the arm of his grandfather the duke, and pointing them out to him. The dead stag, the tired hounds, and the Shetland poney, are admirably depicted.



2000

SCENE ON THE BAHAMA BANKS.

BY CLUE GARNET.

DURING the summer and autumn of the year 182-, I was in the West Indies, on board of one of our national vessels of war. After leaving Havana, we had cruised for some time in the neighbourhood of the Grand Bahama Banks, from Key West to the Caycos.

One splendid afternoon, the bright and glorious sun was sinking behind the western wave, tinging the curling and foam-crested billows with purple and golden light, and dying the spray that rose and flew before the wind, with prismatic hues. While leaning upon the quarter-rail, I was musing on home and distant friends, the deep hoarse voice of

the captain of the fore-castle came upon my ear, calling, "Sail in sight."

"Where away?" was the response of the lieutenant of the watch.

"Three points on the lee-bow, sir."

In a moment all the glasses in the ship were put in requisition, and every one was examining, with critical eye, the strange craft, that lay about four miles to leeward, with all her spars, and the cob-web tracery of her rigging, distinct and clear in the bright light which enveloped her.

After a steady gaze of some moments, the lieutenant dropped his glass, and signing to one of the reefers, bade him report to the captain.

In a few moments the skipper appeared, took a squint through his "long carronade," as the mids called his telescope, and retired, with the first lieutenant, to the sanctum of the binnacle, where they stood in close consultation.

Among the rest, I produced my canvass-covered star-gazer, and was endeavouring, with inexperienced hand, to fix my eye upon the object of attention.

Group after group formed along the decks,

each around some oracle of the fore-castle, and speculated sagely upon the probable character of the stranger.

Many shrewd guesses were formed, and those respectable characters, the oldest sailors, were delivered of many a wise shake of the head, and muttered words of wisdom. Old Bill Thompson, the quarter-gunner, who was standing near the main-chains, rolling his quid from one cheek to the other, tipping his norwester, and striving to look gracious, with a phiz marvellously resembling a gnarled and split oak stump, brought out in gruff tones, "Mayhap, Mr. Garnet, you'd lend me that 'ere peeper, for why I've been on salt water longer nor you, though there's not a better sailor aboard of your inches."

Delighted with this flattering encomium upon my seamanship, I gave him my telescope, and after pulling up his trousers, and drawing his mahogany fist across his eyes, he took a "long, last, lingering gaze" at the fairy craft. He slowly took down the glass from his eye, turned round, handed it to me, looked exceedingly know-

ing, and provokingly inclined to conceal his knowledge, took a fresh quid from his "baccy box," and with a grin of infinite meaning, said—nothing at all.

"Well, old Bill," said I, "what is she? do you know her? speak, man."

"Do I?" said he, with a sepulchral tone, and a look that would have immortalized him as the ghost in Hamlet—"Do I?"

Now this was all we could worm out of the old *lignumvitæ* block, but the crew around knew that two words from Bill Thompson were worth a sermon from any one else, and all watched the movements of the stranger with even greater intentness of observation.

While wondering, in my own mind, what the deuce Bill could mean, I heard the order, "Pass the word for the master." Away I sprang, down the ladder, into the gun-room, where I found Bunting, surrounded by old charts, flags, and signals, and with a good stiff rummer of half-and-half, which he was contemplating with peculiar complacency.

"Hillo! master, you're wanted."

"Clap a stopper on your jaw-tackle, youngster," says he.

"Strange sail in sight," says I,—“skipper, swabs, and all, puzzled about her,—want you to make up the number,—I’ve a notion it’s a pirate.”

"Pirate!" says Bunting, while "visions of prize-money danced through his mind;" and up he sprang through the companion, and on deck in less time than I could knot a bowline. I followed, having first stowed away his allowance, and found him on deck. He took a glass, and having looked steadily on the stranger, swept it round the horizon, and suddenly arrested it on an object which we had all overlooked, a ship to windward, but which not being so directly in the light, had escaped our observation. "I thought so," said the master, as he pointed it out to the captain,—“that long-legged scoundrel is trying to work up to yonder ship.”

"I see his game;—beat to quarters," said the skipper, "and clear for action. Make sail on the ship, sir, and let us try our friend to larboard with the signals."

Up went the white fold of France, but nothing

appeared upon the schooner's rigging; next the red flag and cross of Britain rose to the peak, and was hauled down; the rich and heavy standard of Spain next unrolled itself to the wind, and was answered from the schooner with the black and yellow flag, and the smoke of a gun issued from her decks, and the ball danced ahead of us and fell in the waves. Again, this was hauled down, and the stripes and stars of America waved gaily in the breeze, while the union-jack ran up to the foremast-head. Our friend on the left swung round in stays, and showing us a neat and well-turned stern, away she glided over the waves, with all sail set.

The ship to windward threw her bows round, dashing up the spray before her, and displayed American colours, and ran down toward us with a flowing sheet. We immediately set all sail upon the ship, and reeling and staggering under her canvass, she sprang away, with the wind dead aft.

As a square-rigged vessel has great advantage over a fore-and-aft, on this point of sailing, we gained on the schooner hand over hand.

As the day waned, the wind lulled, and ere the sun set, sank away to a light breeze which filled the upper canvass, but did not swell the lower and heavier sails. The twilight of the tropics, short but bright, came rapidly on, and as the glorious sun screened himself from view behind the flame-tinted waves, canopied by masses of crimson clouds, the rich silver moon rose in radiance in the east, stealing gradually on, as if loath to take the station just abdicated by her predecessor.

And there, in the distance, with the long shadow of her tall masts and tapering pile of canvass resting on the billow, lay, with the bright light dancing round her graceful bows, the chase, which we had brought just within range, as the wind died away to a calm. There we lay, hammering away from the bowchasers at the beautiful and graceful fabric which sported before us, as if the ocean were its fairy home, and the elements its playfellows.

The bow-guns being of too light metal to reach her, as she almost insensibly left us, one of the eighteen-pounders from the main-deck was

wheeled into its place, and fired repeatedly without success. At last the skipper walked forward, and pointed and ranged the gun, applied the match, and the schooner's gaff-topmast flew in shivers, carrying with it the peak of the mainsail.

"My eyes," said the foremast men, in astonishment.

"Clear away the boats, and call the boarders," shouted the lieutenant of the watch; and soon the launch was hoisted out, and the cutters dropped over the side, each with their fighting crew, composed of the picked men of the ship.

The moon glanced on sheathless cutlass and polished pike, as they were passing from the dark shade of the vessel, and the rollocks grated, as the oars fell into them with simultaneous movement. "Give way,"—and the crew rose to the stroke, and kept time with the most beautiful precision. The cutters took the lead, diverging so as to reach the bow and stern at once, while the launch kept steadily on, with the purpose of boarding amidships.

We perceived them getting out sweeps, and endeavouring to escape. Slowly we approached

till we could see a dark mass collected in the waist of the schooner; suddenly it opened,—a flash—and the whizzing sound of a heavy ball cut the air over us, and we heard it dash into the water far behind. “Pull men, pull,—give strong way;”—and with powerful strokes the launch was rapidly forced through the water; when, again, that flash, and two of the oars flew from the side, tearing out the tholepins, and flooring the stout topmen who pulled them. We were now within ten yards of the schooner, and the cutters about the same distance, when the bow-gun of the launch, loaded with musket-balls, was discharged, and cleared a space on deck of which our men availed themselves, and immediately boarded with the quick courage of seamen. A close and deadly struggle now commenced, pistol-shots crashed, and cutlasses gleamed from out the dark and waving mass of men, while now and then, the dead heavy sound told where the blade found its sheath, or the bullet pierced some broad and bold bosom. The Spaniards, headed by their leader, an Apollo-like figure, but seamed with cuts, and blackened with smoke, fought in desperation.

It was in vain—the brawny arms of the boarders clove their way to the forecastle. Their leader went down, felled by a tremendous blow from the handspike of a topman, and his crew were forced down the hatchways, dragging with them the body of their captain. The hatches were clapped on, the wounded and dead removed to our own ship, the sails trimmed, and with a prize crew of twelve men, the schooner fell into our wake.

The moon now rode high in heaven, and the tired watch slowly paced the decks; the ship was under easy sail, moving about four knots through the water, and the schooner about a quarter of a mile astern, when we heard a stir and commotion on board her; the clash of swords, and the ring of the pistol, sounded faintly to the night,—soon a shout, a cry; and the lieutenant hastened to report, and ordered all hands up. But scarce could they rush upon deck, ere a terrific report came over the waves, making the ship stagger with the concussion, and the sails flap heavily against the masts—then rushed a spire of lurid flame heavingly upwards, casting a baleful and flickering glare upon the pallid countenances of

the men; for an instant it flashed terribly bright, then fell, and a thick column of black and stifling smoke hung dark and gloomy over the spot; while the plash and hiss, as the falling pieces dropt in the wave, told but too well, the fate of our brave companions. Still that black banner hung upon the bright brow of night, like a funeral pall over the crushed and mangled relics of those free-hearted men.

The crew stood in a stupor of dismay and astonishment, but as the dark cloud rolled by, life was restored to their limbs, and with seamen's energy, the boats were cleared before the order was fairly given. "Lower away,"—and the quarter-boats and gig were leaping rapidly over the curling waves. The ship was put about, and stood for the fatal spot.

Ere the first cutter had proceeded far, they found one of the unfortunate prize crew, and drew him into the boat, still alive, though bruised, and with his thigh shattered, and body blackened and scorched. After a strict search, none others were found; but as they returned, the corse of the Spanish captain met them upon the crest of a

wave, with the same stern and unconquerable resolution depicted on his cracked and shrivelled features, a fusee clasped firmly in one hand and the other clenched on a miniature.

He was brought on board, and soon after committed to the deep, a fitting sepulchre for that form whose animating spirit was as fierce and ungovernable in its passions, and as beautiful in its repose, as the untamed waves that now roll over his head. Oh! could the dark depths of the unfathomed blue but speak,—could they but reveal the scenes that have passed in violence over their serene bosom, and the knowledge of which has sunk with the corse of the murdered, down, far down, until they rest safe from mortal ken, in its sedgy caves;—could the deeps but lift up their voice; oh, what tidings to blanch the cheek and dim the eye would they not tell! Shame that the beauty and purity of earth's loveliest should thus, by the violent hand of man, be polluted and desecrated!

Day after day rolled on, and our unfortunate comrade lingered on the brink of death, his reason shattered by the dreadful shock, and his body

slowly recovering its strength. At last his mind regained its sway, and he told us the circumstances of the awful catastrophe. They were these:—

During the second watch, the hatches were burst open, and the Spaniards, headed by their, as we supposed mortally wounded, leader, broke out and attacked them. They were soon driven back, fighting as if only desirous to sell their lives dear, and their captain, seeing all hope lost, drew up his lofty form with an unearthly expression of defiance and scorn, and touched a train previously prepared, and leading to the magazine.—“’Tis fired,”—and the explosion hurled them all, friend and foe, vessel and crew, in wild commotion into the air. He had escaped almost by miracle, and knew nothing more until he found himself upon his hammock in the hospital.

A few days more, and we entered the harbour of Havana, and having delivered over the pirates to the fate that awaited them, we returned to our ocean home, sadder and wiser men.

NEW YEAR'S COLLOQUY.

I ASK'D the new year as it came,
Why here dost will to be?
And it said, 'mid shouts that named its name
To minister to thee.

Why comest thou with weal and wo,
Alternate hope and fear?—
To give to weary man below,
The smile and frequent tear.

Thou wilt restore the absent friend
Again to my glad heart?—
Yet I all pleasant ties will rend,
And the joined for ever part.

Why wilt thou deck the bridal bed
Of youth and beauty's bloom?—
That I the thoughtless pair may wed
Unto the dreary tomb.

Why wilt thou please the mother's eyes
With her infant's thousand charms?—
To bear unto the faithful skies
The treasure of her arms.

Into the lap why wilt thou fling
Hoards of uncounted gold?—
To give the wretch, ere long, the sting
Of hopes to poverty sold.

Why to ambition's silly few
Wilt thou sing the song of fame?—
To show of the bubbles men pursue,
The emptiest is a name.

Why comest thou with hymns of cheer?—
I come, too, with my woes;
Voices that welcome the new year,
Shall be silent at its close.

Oh, why embark upon thy tide,
Earth's millions, without dread?—
That in their laughter they may glide,
Unconscious, to the dead.

Why wilt thou haste to mingle in
Eternity's wide sea?—
That I one day may show his sin,
Who asketh now of me.

W. B. F.

Philadelphia.

PASSAIC FALLS.

Roll on, ye dark and heaving waters, roll—
In nature's majesty ye lift your foamy crests;
While o'er the deepest feelings of the soul
Your mighty music deep, in solemn grandeur rears
'Tis nature's symphony,
And far and free
She bears the wild sounds o'er the grassy lea.



THE GALLERY OF THE
MUSEUM OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE

THE GIFT.

Oh, why --

B. T.



Plato's Academy

engraved by J. Smith

[illegible]

• • •

100

Immortal strength is stamp'd upon your brow,
Ye massive crags,—and as I gaze upon ye now,
Methinks your wood-tops wave,
Like warrior brave,
Their stern defiance. Still up and on
I turn my gaze; the solid rock alone,
And the hoarse falling waters meet
Mine eye; no print of mortal feet
E'er stamp'd their impress on the sward
Or cross'd the path where ye keep watch and ward.
The eagle in his lofty flight
Pauses, half up your frowning height,
To rest his flagging wing;
Then sweeping round in circling ring,
Flies onward through the abyss of space,
His home, his dwelling-place.
Man's ploughshare and his axe may seek
For other spots; they cannot break
Your iron strength,—
Your pines proud length
Defy his power; nought but the thunder-stroke,
Speeding from heaven,
Has ever riven
Their stately trunks, or even broke

One mighty branch from off its parent stem—
Man cannot scathe or injure them.
The cataract confined in your embrace
Springs like the war-horse, panting to be free;
And dashing onward in its rapid race,
In lingering love looks back to ye;
Still curls its spray around your side,
And throws its arch of beauty o'er ye wide.
Who does not feel an echo to your song
Rise in his bosom deep and strong?
And as he bends his look upon your iron wall,
And sees the dark pines raise their summits tall,
Imagination peoples ye with forms
Fearful to look on. The spirit of the storms
In your wild scenery might hold his court,
Making them echo to his voice of sport:
Or when his ire is roused, come sweeping down
The thick-piled thunder-clouds, his awful crown;
While round his temples, the bright jewell'd ray
Of the blue lightning, flashes far away;
The forests quiver in their monarch's path,
The hill-tops quiver in his look of wrath,
But ye, he cannot move—ye stand
And dare the onset;—from his hand

Pour fast the thunderbolts; they splinter on your
brow.

'Tis done—

The crashing of the storm is over now—
Once more the glorious sun
Gilds your bright tops, and wavering plays
On the pure water, with his colouring rays;
Once more, like form instinct with life,
That shrinks and fades in elemental strife,
Your rainbow veil around you clings,
Concealing with its gauzy wings,
Or at the most but half revealing
The rough and rude; but through it stealing
I mark the verdure of the mossy turf,
I mark the snow-white beating of the surf,
And the blue mass of waters as they roll
Leaping and tumbling in joy of soul—

Oh! but 'tis beautiful to see
The freedom of nature's revelry;
How the waters dance to the rippling breeze,
While its music plays in the distant trees;
While deep in its notes, far, far above all,
Shouts loud in its joy, that wild waterfall.

A. H.

1834.

SCENES IN MISSOURI.

BY A. D. WOODBRIDGE.

THE village of Tarentum had suddenly assumed that bustling air, which is a peculiar characteristic of many of the western settlements. The oldest inhabitant, by which we are to understand one of five years' continuance, had never seen the town in so great a ferment, since the day in which it was *laid out* and sold in squares and sites to the highest bidder. From that hour, until the season in which our tale commences, Tarentum had, in some measure, shared the deep quiet of the prairie, on whose border it was located. Things now wore an entirely different aspect. A frame house was

being erected by the oldest inhabitant, who acted in the several capacities of tavern-keeper, steam-doctor, and merchant. In short, he was the fac-totum of the place, and universally acknowledged mayor-elect of the future "city of Tarentum."

Two steamboats, laden with pork and *whisky* had already touched at that *port*, while a third was daily expected. But now a still more *inspiring* object was presented to the view of the *settlers*, by an approaching wedding.

The universal interest, which is ever excited by such an event—the eager curiosity, which would fain inspect every arrangement, and scan, if it were possible, the thoughts and intents of the candidates for the hymeneal altar; and the gossiping tongue, which decides upon the relative merits of the parties, and their power of rendering each other happy, were never more apparent, than they were in Tarentum, at the time to which we have referred.

It was a mild and beautiful evening, in the month of September. The broad prairie was smiling in the golden rays of the setting sun, as a

youthful pair were seen to bend their steps toward a shaded mound, which rose at a short distance from the village.

"There they go!" exclaimed one—"well, I never thought Clara Menard would marry *him*! *She*! she don't know her own mind two minutes at a time."

"Well," replied another, "and I like that! Poor chance for game, if you always follow one track. James is a good fellow, but then he's so confounded sober."

"Yes, yes—he's too sober for her, and it's nothing but his book-larning that's *catched* her. There's half a dozen she's *slipped*, more to her liking, if they only had his larning; and there's the pedlar, that she's been trading with off and on for these three weeks."

"Oh yes! he's just the one to suit her, but he'd be off, and so will Jim, for that matter."

"No," replied the other, "Jim has promised to *locate*—to give up hunting and trapping, and take to raising."

James Arnot was not a general favourite in the village. That he was superior to most of the in-

habitants, was admitted by all; yet they could have borne with that, had it not induced him to shun the low sports, and noisy merriment, in which they indulged. This acquired, if not natural superiority, together with the adventurous life he had led, had imparted a degree of sternness to his character; and as he was nearly ten years the senior of Clara Menard, all who knew her were slow to believe that she had pledged him her heart and hand. She had done so, in spite of the oft-repeated remonstrances of her brother, who was openly averse to the union. Clara Menard, a gay, thoughtless, fickle girl of seventeen, was the spoiled child of a widowed and indulgent mother. As she passed along, upon the evening to which we have referred, many were the discussions which were held with regard to her *fitness* for the scenes on which she was the next day to enter.

“Why do you turn from me, Clara?” inquired Arnot, as they returned to the village. During their whole walk, Clara had averted her face, whenever he had addressed her. Was it to escape from his admiring gaze? or was it to mark the grace of his favourite hound, which accompanied

them, and seemed paying his court to his future mistress? Was this the reason, or *could it be!* that to her his words were displeasing.

The following evening was the one fixed upon for the wedding. Long before sundown, the guests began to assemble. There were seen the fathers and mothers of the settlement, as well as a "goodlie companie" of young men and maidens.

How sorely are we at this moment tempted to give, what we should consider, an *orthodox* description of a bridal scene! To speak of the guests, as awaiting in breathless impatience, the appearance of the bride; to describe their emotions, as arrayed in loveliness, and attended by those as lovely as herself, she meets their admiring gaze; and as the service proceeds, a tear steals through the long, dark lashes of her drooping lid—and must we forbear? must the pen be drawn over what we have described, and must the *truth* be told?

A *preacher* who was on the *circuit*, was expected to perform the ceremony; but as he had not yet arrived, that no time might be lost, the festivities of the scene commenced. The whisky was tapped, and the "pedlar" was the most assiduous

in circulating it; while the girls secretly contrasted his broad white pantaloons, and the wide, stiff ruffles of his bosom, which were fastened by an immense brooch, with the mean appearance of the Tarentum beaux, whose bright gingham jackets but partly concealed the hunting shirts over which they were worn.

Even the principal of the "Tarentum Academy," who had acquired a great name by instructing the young people in the mysteries of—we dare not tell what, lest our Missourian friends accuse us of libelling the Tarentumites. We frankly confess, that the scenes we are attempting to describe, occurred in the year 1823, and since that time, the "march of mind" has undoubtedly been "*onward*," as well as to the "*right*" and "*left*," through all the streets of Tarentum. But to return to the "master"—who was quite eclipsed, and whose plain black suit seemed thrown in a still darker shade, by the dashing and knowing pedlar; while Clara, arrayed in the gayest calico which the boxes of the latter could furnish, mingled in the merry throng, and was the life and spirit of the scene.

At length, the preacher arrived, and commenced

the ceremony, or rather an introductory harangue on matrimonial duties. As he proceeded, it became evident that the bride was very much moved, and the speaker, fancying he had trespassed on what he considered forbidden ground, abruptly closed his discourse, and raised his voice in prayer. Clara's sobs were now redoubled; and at the close of the prayer, he paused before proceeding with the ceremony, that she might regain her composure.

"What's the matter, Clara?" inquired her mother; and the looks of all present seemed to repeat the question. "What's the matter?" repeated her mother. "Oh! I can't!" sobbed Clara. "Can't what?" "I can't marry *him*!" she replied, at the same time receding from Arnot with a true theatrical start.

All, of course, was now confusion, and all, save Arnot, joined their remonstrances. He had yielded his place, and now stood apart, calmly contemplating the scene; though a skilful observer might have discovered the waves of passion, which swelled furiously underneath this calm surface.

It was, at length, discovered, from her own confession, that there *was one* in the company, whom she

could marry without shedding tears. It was not a favoured one among the youth of Tarentum, nor was it our friend "the master," who described to us the scene,* but it was—the pedlar.

Upon his being informed of the happiness in reserve for him, he frankly confessed that he was ready, if she was; and on his taking the station which Arnot had vacated, the marriage ceremony was performed. As it was pronounced complete, and Arnot was seen to leave the place where he had remained standing, many an apprehensive glance was cast at the pedlar, and one or two rushed forward, as if to see that there was fair play.

"Don't think I'll touch *him!* the *nigger!* the *yankee!*" muttered Arnot, as with a hurried step he left the scene.

Arnot believed the whole to have been planned by the brother of Clara, and he, that very evening, addressed to him a challenge, demanding

* This scene actually occurred in the state of Missouri in the year 1823, and was communicated to the author as above stated.

instant satisfaction. The challenge was accepted, the seconds and weapons named, while the time fixed upon by the challenged party was removed from that evening, by a period of precisely *ten years*.

It is not our purpose to follow the course of the parties during that interval. Clara's husband had confined his peddling route to the country in which Tarentum was situated, and in general, his bearing toward her was that of kindness. Clara's character gradually strengthened, or rather it may be said, she, by degrees, acquired a character. Often did she reflect bitterly upon the past; and often did she shrink with horror, as she contemplated the close of the *ten years*, which were rapidly passing away. She had never met Arnot since the night of her marriage, but she knew him to be one

" In his own heart secure,
Of all that he would do, or could endure."

He had left Tarentum immediately after the scenes occurred, which we have related, and had



fixed his head-quarters at St. Louis ; from thence he had gone on several expeditions up the Mississippi and Missouri rivers, and had even returned with his boat richly laden with furs and peltry. The year 1833 found him connected with a company, who were extensively engaged in the fur trade, and having charge of the depot at St. Louis.

It was at the close of a sultry day in August, that a horseman was seen, spurring the noble animal on which he was mounted, across the prairie near the village of Tarentum. He was soon recognized as James Arnot. Who could scan the motives which had so often induced him to seek that place ?

Did his heart yet retain a fondness for Clara ? Did he come to assure himself of her welfare ? Or was it to nourish there his stinging sense of wrong, and his deep-enduring purpose of vengeance ?

These were questions often asked, while no satisfactory reply had ever been obtained, as Arnot was silent on the subject, and ever avoided those in whom, for weal or wo, he was supposed to take so deep an interest.

What was the surprise of Arnot, as he dis-

mounted at the door of the *hotel*, upon learning that Clara's husband and brother had fallen victims to the cholera, the week previous. In the dim twilight, Arnot bent his steps to their newly made, and silent resting-place. If he had meditated revenge, how deep would be the remorse excited by that scene! If he had forgiven them, how many his regrets that a reconciliation had not been effected! As with a hurried step he approached the spot, he discovered, when too late to retrace his steps, a female figure. It was Clara—and *they met!*—Who shall describe the emotions which filled their souls—the sorrow and the remorse which that spot excited, or the thronging remembrances, which, after a separation of nearly ten years, an interview must awaken!

Ten years had passed!—and on that evening which Clara had so long viewed with dread and apprehension, and on that hour, she became in the presence of a few witnesses, the “wedded wife” of James Arnot.

THE SERENADES.

A SKETCH.

BY MISS LESLIE.

"Sleep you, or wake you, lady bright?"

LEWIS.

"AND now tell me the reason of your giving us the slip on Tuesday night," said Charles Cavender to Frederick Merrill, as they came out of court together, and walked into the shade of the beautiful double row of linden trees that interlace their branches in front of the Philadelphia State-House, perfuming the atmosphere of early summer with the fragrance of their delicate yellow blossoms.

"To tell you the truth," replied Merrill, "I never had much fancy for these regular serenading parties. And as, on Tuesday night, I had a presentiment that the course of ours was not going to run smoothly, and as I found it impossible to play with such a second as Dick Doubletongue, I resigned my flute to Walton, and went home for my guitar, being very much in the notion of taking a ramble on my own account, and giving a little unpretending music to several pretty girls of my own acquaintance."

"Ah! that guitar!" exclaimed Cavender; "since you first heard Segura, no Spaniard can be more completely fascinated with that instrument. And to do Segura justice, he has made an excellent guitar player of you, and cultivated your voice with great success."

"But how did you proceed after I left you?" asked Merrill.

"Oh! very well!" replied Cavender; "only that infernal piano, that Harry Fingerley insisted on being brought along with us, was pretty considerable of a bore."

"So I thought," responded Merrill, "to me

there appeared something too absurd in carrying through the streets, at night, so cumbersome an instrument—conveying it on a handbarrow, like porters.”

“Well,” observed Cavender, “there were, however, enough of us to relieve each other, every square. By the by, I suspect that your true reason for deserting, was to avoid taking your turn in carrying the piano.”

“You are not far wrong,” replied Merrill, smiling.

“It was a ridiculous business,” resumed Cavender. “As Fingerley cannot touch an instrument without his notes, and always chooses to show off in difficult pieces, a lantern was brought along, which one of us was obliged to hold for him whenever he played. Unluckily, a music stool had been forgotten, and poor Harry, who, you know, is one of the tallest striplings in town, was obliged to play kneeling: and he wore the knees of his pantaloons threadbare, in getting through a long concerto of Beethoven’s, before Miss Flickwire’s door.”

"To what place did you go after I left you?" inquired Merrill.

"Oh! to serenade that saucy flirt, Miss Lawless, Frank Hazeldon's flame. We ranged ourselves in front of the house, set down the piano and its elegant supporter, the handbarrow, upon the pavement, and all struck up the Barcarole, with our eyes turned upwards, expecting that we should see the shutters gently open, and the pretty faces of Lucy Lawless and her two sisters, slyly peeping down at us. But we looked in vain. No shutters opened, and no faces peeped."

"Perhaps," said Merrill, "the family were all out of town."

"No, no," replied Cavender;—"a bright light shone through the fan-glass over the door, which opened at last, just as we had concluded the Barcarole, and out came Bogle, followed by two or three other waiters of rather a more decided colour, who stood a little aloof.—'Gentlemen,' said Bogle, 'Miss Lawless desires her respects and compliments to you all, and wishes me to inquire if there is one Mr. Hazeldon among you?'—'Yes—I

am Mr. Hazeldon,' said Frank, stepping out.—
'Then,' resumed Bogle, with his usual flourish of hand, 'Miss Lawless presents her further respects and compliments, and requests me to make you acquainted that she has a party to-night, and as Frank Johnson was pre-engaged, and could not come, she desires you will play a few cotillions for the company to dance—and if there are any more gentleman-fiddlers present, she will thank them to play too.'

"There was a general burst of mingled indignation and laughter. Some of the serenaders advanced to put Bogle into the gutter, but he very naturally resisted, justly declaring that he ought not to be punished for obeying the lady's orders, and delivering the message systematically, as he termed it.

"The windows of the front parlour were now thrown open, and Miss Lawless with her sisters appeared at them, dressed in lace and flowers. Both parlours were lighted up with chandeliers, and filled with company.

" 'Mr. Hazeldon,' said Miss Lawless, 'you and your friends have come precisely at the right time. Nothing could be more apropos than your arrival.

We were all engaged with the ice-creams and jellies while you were playing the Barcarole, (which, to do you justice, you performed very respectably,) or we should have sent Bogle out to you before. Pray, Mr. Hazeldon, give us "Love was once a little boy;"—it makes an excellent cotillion;—and we shall then be able to decide between the merits of your band, and that of Mr. Francis Johnson.'—'But we are all gentlemen, madam,' said the simple Bob Midgely, 'and this is a serenade.'—'The more convenient,' replied Miss Lawless, who is really a very handsome girl; 'a serenade may thus be made to answer a double purpose—killing two birds with one stone, in proverbial parlance.'

"Poor Frank Hazeldon was so much annoyed as to be incapable of reply, being also vexed and mortified at having no invitation to his lady-love's party.

"But I went forward, and said to Miss Lawless, that if she and her friends would come out, and perform their cotillions on the pavement, we would have much pleasure in playing for them. To this, she replied, that she now perceived we had no tambourine with us, and that a dance without that

enlivening instrument must always be a very spiritless affair. Therefore, she would excuse, for the present, the services of Mr. Hazeldon, and his musical friends."

"She then closed the window, and we bowed and moved off; resolved that for the future we would take care to avoid the awkward contre-tems of serenading a lady when she is in the act of having a party. Frank Hazeldon loudly protested against the insolence of his Dulcinea, 'who,' said he, 'would not dare to say and do such things, only that she knows herself to be (as she certainly is) the most beautiful creature on the face of the earth.' However, he averred that he had done with Miss Lawless entirely, and would scrupulously avoid all further acquaintance with her, now that she had not only affronted himself but his friends. We advised him to consider it not so deeply."

"He seems to have taken your advice," observed Merrill; "for there he is, just turning the corner of Sixth street with her—she laughing at him as usual, and he, as usual, thankful even to be laughed at by her.—But where else did you go?"

"We went to two other places," replied Caven-

der; "where nothing particular happened, except that at one of them, the ladies threw flowers down to us. Afterwards, Dick Doubletongue proposed our going into Market street, to serenade two very pretty girls, the daughters of a wealthy tradesman, who, being an old-fashioned man, persevered in the convenience of living in the same house in which he kept his store. Unluckily, it was the night before market-day. We began with 'Life let us cherish,' which Dick assured us was a special favourite of the young ladies—and our music soon aroused the market-people, some of whom were sleeping in their carts that stood in the street, others, wrapped in coverlets, were bivouacking on the stalls in the market-house, to be ready on the spot, for early morning. They started up, jumped down, gathered round us, and exclaimed—'Well, did ever!'—'Now, that's what I call music!'—'There, Polly, there's the right sort of fiddling for you!'—'Well, this beats *me*!'—'Law, suz!—how they do play it up!'—and other equally gratifying expressions. And one woman called out to her husband—'Here, daddy, take up the baby, and bring him out of the cart, and let him hear some

music-playing, now he has a chance.' So the baby was brought, and daddy held him close up to the flute-players, and the baby cried, as all babies should do, when they are taken up in the night to hear music."

"To crown all, the concert was joined by a dozen calves, who awoke from their uneasy slumbers in the carts, and began bleating in chorus; and by the crowing of various fowls, and the quacking of various ducks that were tied by the legs in pairs, and lying under the stalls. Every moment, fresh market-carts came jolting and rattling over the stones, and we would have gone away at the conclusion of "Life let us cherish," only that Dick begged us to remain till we saw some indications of the ladies being awake and listening to us—a circumstance always gratifying to serenaders. While we were in full performance of 'The Goddess Diana,' we saw a light in a room up stairs, a window was opened, and there appeared at it two young ladies, who had evidently taken the trouble to arrange their hair, and attire themselves very becomingly in pink gowns and white collars, for the purpose of doing honour to the

musicians and themselves. After this, we could do no less than play another of their favourites. When it was finished, we bowed up to the window, and they curtsied down to us, and the market-women approved, saying—‘ Law, now, if that a’n’t pretty !—all making their manners to one another !—well, if we a’n’t in luck to-night ! ’ ”

“ The combination of noises that accompanied your Market street serenade,” observed Merrill, “ reminds me of a ridiculous incident that occurred one night when I and my flute were out with Tom Clearnote and Sam Startlem ; Clearnote having his Kent bugle, and Startlem making his first public assay on the trombone, which he had taken a fancy to learn. We went to a house in Chesnut street, where there were three very charming girls, whom we soon saw had all properly disposed themselves for listening at the windows. We commenced with the March in Massaniello. Unfortunately Sam Startlem, from having a cold, or from some other cause, and being but a novice on the trombone, found it impossible to fill the instrument, or to produce any sound but a sort of hollow croak, that sounded exactly like ‘ Fire ! ’ ”

fire!"—the cry which so often frights our town from its propriety."

"Just then the watchman was passing with a dog that always followed him, and that had a habit of howling whenever he heard the alarm of fire. On meeting the strange sounds, half guttural, half nasal, from Startlem's trombone, the dog very naturally mistook them for the announcement of a conflagration, and set up his customary yell.* In a few minutes, the boys issued from all quarters, according to their practice by day and by night, whenever there is anything to be seen or heard that promises a mob. The supposed cry of fire was reiterated through the street, and spread all round. Presently two or three engines came scampering along, bells ringing, trumpets braying, torches flaring, and men shouting,—all running they knew not whither; for as yet the bell of the State-House had not tolled out its unerring signal.

"In the general confusion we thought it best to

* Fact.

cease playing, and quietly decamp; being ashamed (for the honour of our musicians) to inform the firemen of the real cause of the mistake; so we gladly stole out of the crowd, and turned into a private street.—But excuse me for interrupting you.—Finish your narrative.”

“There is little more to be said,” resumed Cavender. “By the time we had afforded sufficient amusement to the market-people, the moon had long since set, and the stars had begun to fade. So we all put up our instruments, and wearily sought our dwelling-places;—Harry Fingerley wisely hiring relays of black men to carry home the piano.

“But we have been talking long enough under these trees,” continued Cavender; “let us walk up Chesnut street together, and do you tell me what befel yourself while serenading according to the fashion of old Castile. Of course, you went first to Miss Osbrook.”

“I did,” replied Merrill, smiling, and colouring a little; “and I played and sung for her, in my very best style, several of my very best songs. And I was rewarded by obtaining a glimpse of a graceful



white figure at a window, as she half unclosed it, and seeing a white hand (half hidden by a deep ruffle) resting gently on one of the bars of the venetian shutter—and as the moon was then shining brightly down, I knew that my divine Emily also saw me.

“From thence, I went to the residence of a blooming Quaker girl, who, I understood from a mutual friend, had expressed a great wish for a serenade. She came to the window, and was soon joined by an old nurse, who, I found by their conversation, had been kindly awakened by the considerate Rebecca, and invited by her to come to the front room, and listen to the music; on which the half-dozing matron made no comment but that ‘sometimes the tune went away up, and sometimes it went right down.’

“Having commenced with ‘The Soldier’s Bride,’ I was somewhat surprised at the martial propensities of the fair Quakeress, who in loud whispers to her companion, first wished that Frederick Merrill (for she had at once recognized me,) would play and sing ‘The Soldier’s Tear,’ and then ‘The Soldier’s Gratitude.’ When I had accomplished both these songs, I heard her tell the old woman,

“ ‘There is no need of troubling yourself about a ring,’ said I.

“ ‘True,’ replied she, ‘Quakers get married without, and why should not we? But come, we must not stand parleying here. You can’t think, Mr. Merrill, how glad I am that you came for me before any one else. I would much rather run away with you, than with Mr. Simpson, or Mr. Tomlins, or Mr. Carter. Pa’ says if ever he does let me marry, he’ll choose for me himself, and I have no doubt he’ll choose somebody that’s ugly enough. Fathers are such bad judges of people.’

“ ‘Miss Maria,’ said I, ‘you mistake me entirely, and this error must be rectified at once. I must positively undeceive you.’

“At that moment, the door half-opened—a hand was put out, and seizing the arm of Maria, drew her forcibly inside. The door was then shut, and double locked; and I heard her receding voice, loudly exclaiming—‘Oh! pa’—now, indeed, pa’—who’d have thought, pa’, that you were listening all the time.’

“I stood motionless with joy and surprise at this opportune release—and I recollected that once



during our scene on the door-step, I had thought I heard footsteps in the entry.

"Presently the father put his head out of his own window and said to me—'Young man you may go, I have locked her up.'—I took him at his word and departed, not a little pleased at having been extricated in so summary a way from the dilemma in which the absurdity of Strange Maria had involved me."

* * * * *

About a week after this conversation, Cavender inquired of his friend, if he had again been out solus on a serenading excursion.

"No," replied Merrill, "I have had enough of that nonsense. There is no better cure for folly and particularly for romantic folly, than a good burlesque; and I find I have been parodied most ridiculously by that prince of fools, old Pharaby, the bachelor in an auburn wig and corsets, that lives next door to Miss Osbrook. This said Pharaby assumes a penchant for my opposite neighbour, the rich and handsome young widow, Mrs. Westwyn. Taking a hint from my serenading Emily Osbrook, but far outdoing me, he

has every night since presented himself under the windows of the fair widow, and tinkled a guitar—which instrument he professes to have learned during a three months' consulship in one of the Spanish West India islands. He plays Spanish, but sings Italian; and with a voice and manner to make Paggi tear his hair, and Pucci drop down dead.

"Mrs. Westwyn, whom I escorted home last evening from a visit to Miss Osbrook, was congratulating herself on the appearance of rain; as it would of course, prevent her from being disturbed that night by her usual serenader, the regularity of whose musical visitations, had become, she said, absolutely insupportable.

"About twelve o'clock, however, I heard the customary noise in front of Mrs. Westwyn's house, notwithstanding that the rain had set in, and was falling very fast. I looked out, and beheld the persevering innamorato standing upright beneath the shelter of an umbrella held over his head by a black man, and twitching the strings of his guitar to the air of 'Dalla gioja.' I was glad, when the persecuted widow, losing all patience, raised her

sash, and in a peremptory tone, commanded him to depart and trouble her no more; threatening, if he ever again repeated the offence, to have him taken into custody by the watchman. Poor Pharaby was struck aghast; and being too much disconcerted to offer any apology, he stood motionless for a few moments, and then replacing his guitar in its case, and tucking it under his arm, he stole off round the corner, his servant following close behind with the umbrella. From that moment I abjured serenades."

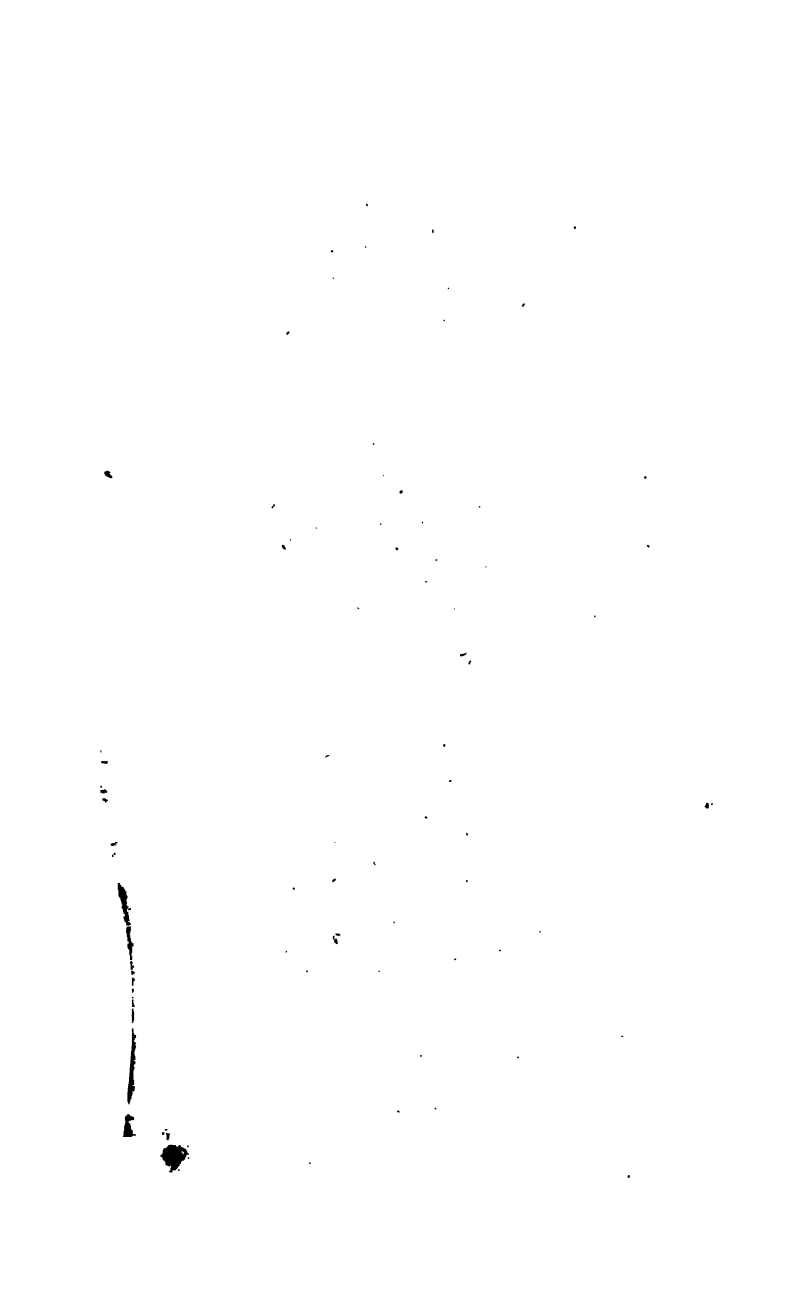
"What! all sorts?" inquired Cavender.

"All," replied Merrill—"both gregarious and solitary. The truth is, I this morning obtained the consent of the loveliest of women to make me the happiest of men, this day three months; and therefore, I have something else to think of than strumming guitars or blowing flutes about the streets at night."

"I congratulate you, most sincerely," said Cavender, shaking hands with his friend—"Miss Osbrook is certainly, as the papers phrase it, possessed of every qualification to render the marriage-state happy. And though I and my other associates in harmony have not so good an

excuse for leaving off our musical rambles, yet I believe we shall, at least, give them up till next summer—and perhaps, by that time, we may have devised some other means of obtaining the good graces of the ladies.”

THE END.













STANFORD UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES
CECIL H. GREEN LIBRARY
STANFORD, CALIFORNIA 94305-6004
(415) 723-1493

All books may be recalled after 7 days

DATE DUE

NOV 28 1996
DEC 13 1996

MAY 29 1999

810.8 .G458

The gift:

AFX3974

C.1

Stanford University Libraries



3 6105 044 992 381

OCT 19 1987

SEP 19 '78

JUN 5 1978

OCT 17 1988

JUL 13 1987

Stanford University Library

Stanford, California

In order that others may use this book,
please return it as soon as possible, but
not later than the date due.

J. L. L.

DEC 11 1990

